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"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

A M iew

By R D GRIFFITH

Robert Payne, author of "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China." (See page 11)

Celluloid Civilization

By HORTENSE POWDERMAKER

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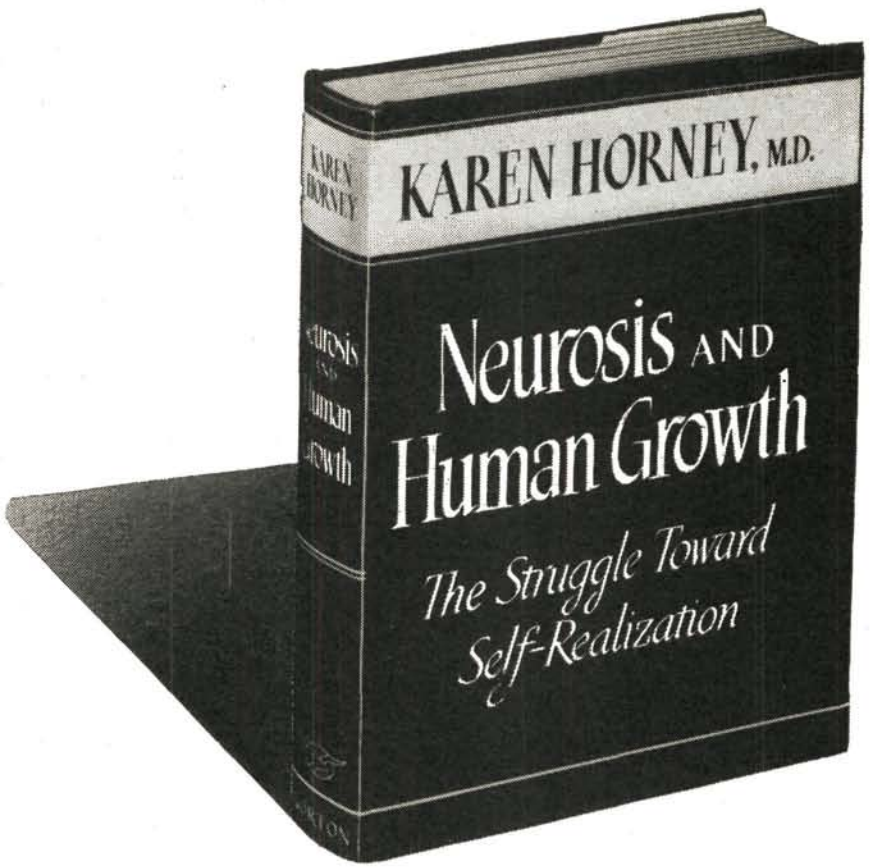

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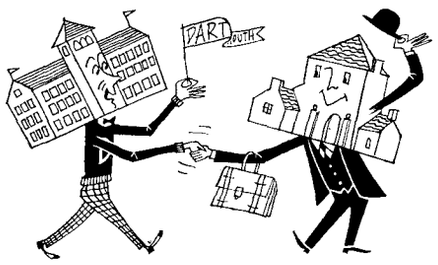
TRADE Winds

RICHARD WATTS, JR., drama critic of the *New York Post*, can discourse wisely, wittily, and objectively about any play produced on Broadway. Plays executed by football players from Columbia, however, are another story. His eyes filmed over by a



passionate devotion to Alma Mater, Dick is convinced that the occasionally victorious and usually overmatched gladiators from Morningside can do no wrong.

After an opening kick-off one Saturday—several moments before the eminent critic had to join fellow alumni of Columbia in a desperate chant of "Hold that line"—he was induced to discuss John O'Hara, whose unique review of the new Hemingway novel on a front page of *The New York Times Book Review* had the entire literary fraternity a-buzz. Watts preferred to talk about O'Hara's musical play, "Pal Joey," which is still considered a model by the cognoscenti. "And how about that Rodgers and Hart score?" reminisced Dick. "One of its songs, 'Bewitched,' was Number One on the Hit Parade this very summer!" Then he added, "If O'Hara only could collect royalties every time his phrase 'Pal Joey' was appropriated for witty references to Stalin, he would be one of the wealthiest authors in the history of literature." Needless to say, Mr. O'Hara is doing quite all right as it is with "A Rage to Live" just published in a whopping reprint edition (Grosset & Dunlap) and a book of nonfiction and a new novel scheduled, in that order, for 1951. . . . (Last-minute item: Columbia has finally recorded the complete score of "Pal Joey" and will release it next month.) . . .

BUDD SCHULBERG, whose forthcoming novel, "The Disenchanted," is headed for the heights, is another author who contributed an oft-quoted phrase to the vernacular of the day. How often have you seen the title for his first sensational novel, "What Makes Sammy Run?"—or variations thereof—in the headlines, the political commentaries, or the sports pages?

I owe my first meeting with Budd Schulberg to a casual visit to the Dartmouth Club in the late fall of 1935. I picked up the undergraduate newspaper with the expectation of finding some such headline as "Coach Lauds Spirit of Big Indian Team at Conclusion of Most Successful Season." Not at all! The editor of this particular paper devoted *his* lead story to a strike then in progress at the marble quarries in nearby Vermont. What's more, he gave the strikers all the best of it. His story was terse, hard-hitting, and thoroughly professional. To the trustees of a conservative institution like Dartmouth this must have smacked of heresy. To a young publisher like myself (remember this was 1935!) it gave promise of an author who might one day go far.

I wrote the editor of *The Daily Dartmouth* a note of commendation. Would he come to see me in New York? He would—and did. We've been firm friends ever since—and he's delivered three best sellers in a row. If only other of my impulses had worked out as well. . . !

When Budd first presented himself at the Random House offices, I had no idea he was the son of one of the most important film magnates in Hollywood. Nor did I expect this reckless flouter of sacred undergraduate traditions would turn out to be a shy, self-effacing, and incredibly vague

youngster, whose consuming ambition in life was to write good books.

A succession of notable accomplishments has imbued Budd Schulberg with abundant self-confidence, and today, on his face, there's not a trace of diffidence or shyness. The vagueness remains. It's part of his charm. Appointments mean nothing to Budd. The blare of a be-bop band or the sound of a padded glove against a punching bag will distract him from a scheduled conference with a fifty-thousand-dollar movie contract at stake. He was leaving for a formal dinner party in New York one day when the maid at his Bucks County farm asked him to deliver a dachshund pup to a friend who ran a beauty shop in Harlem. Budd, intrigued with the mission, promptly forgot the dinner party. He also forgot his driver's license—and the address of the lady who ran the beauty shop. At two the next morning I was awakened by a

phone call from the lieutenant at the Harlem police precinct. "We picked up a fellow driving aimlessly around Harlem without a license," he told me indignantly. "Says he's an author of yours. Says, too, he's trying to deliver a dachshund. At two in the morning, mind you! I hate to bother you with a cock-and-bull story like that. . ." "Wait a minute," I interrupted, "that must be Budd Schulberg, and it's perfectly all right. He does things like that. He's also the author of 'What Makes Sammy Run?'" The baffled lieutenant settled for an autographed copy.

When Budd puts pen to paper the vagueness disappears like magic. His prose is explosive and direct. His characters are three-dimensional and dynamic. Critics who have scoffed that he can only depict heels and good-for-nothings are in for a shock when they encounter the tragic and sympathy-compelling novelist who is the central character of "The Disenchanted."

It is Budd Schulberg's harmless conceit to tell interviewers, "My main claim to fame may be that I am the only writer I can think of who reversed the usual process: started in Hollywood and worked east, and to hell with Greeley and the seven-year contract." At thirty-six, with a charming wife, three kids, an honorable discharge from a four-year hitch in the Navy during World War II, and a fifty-five-acre estate just over the hill from fellow plutocrats Kaufman, Hart, and Hammerstein, Budd is today the epitome of success. The marble strikers in Vermont would be surprised to see him now! As a matter of fact, Budd is surprised himself. Informed by phone that the Book-of-the-Month Club had chosen "The Disenchanted" as its November selection, he answered, "Did they really? That's great! Say, you remember that heavyweight, Archie McBride, I told you I was managing? You should have

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The red-bearded Irish sailor who ruled as King of Yap

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BY LAWRENCE KLINGMAN AND GERALD GREEN

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young Negro field-hands: one accused of a white man's murder, the other struggling to save him.

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seen what he did to a fellow who outweighed him seventeen pounds in Trenton last night!". . .

READERS OF "THE DISENCHANTED" will be wondering, of course, how closely the career of the principal character parallels the actual life story of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald. They are urged to suspend judgment until the definitive Fitzgerald biography, "The Far Side of Paradise," is published by Houghton Mifflin in January. Arthur Mizener, head of the English Department at Carleton, is the author. (I note that "The Disenchanted" is dedicated to him.) He recreates not only the meteoric and tragic career of Scott and his wife, Zelda, but the incredible background of the Twenties that made their high jinks possible. . . . All the talk will add fuel to the already booming revival of Fitzgerald's books. If you've never read his "Tender Is the Night," you've missed one of the great American novels of the century. It's available now in a Viking Portable, but I understand that that edition is to be discontinued and replaced next year by a more comprehensive collection of Fitzgerald's works, sponsored by Scribner's, his original (and only) publishers. You hear a lot about the influence exerted on Thomas Wolfe by Scribner's famous editor, the late Max Perkins. Max was just as essential to the career of Fitzgerald and entertained, I believe, an equally high regard for his talent.

ONE OF ARTHUR MIZENER'S most revealing anecdotes concerns the afternoon Fitzgerald went to tea with Edith Wharton at her chateau some forty miles outside of Paris. "He was flattered," says Mizener, "and ready to throw himself at the feet of the author of 'Ethan Frome' . . . but determined not to be put down—to be made to feel provincial and uncomfortable." Staring belligerently at Mrs. Wharton and her friends, he roared, "Do you know what's the matter with you? You don't know anything about life. Why, when my wife and I first came to Paris we took a room in a bordello and lived there for two weeks." "But the bombshell fizzled," continues Mizener. "He had lied outrageously, shocked himself, and succeeded only in bringing his audience to an alert and friendly attention. Mrs. Wharton sensed his confusion and tried to help him. 'But, Mr. Fitzgerald,' she said, 'you haven't told us what they did in the bordello.' On this Fitzgerald simply turned and fled . . . Back with Zelda in Paris he put his head on his arms and began to pound the table with his fists. 'They beat me,' he cried, 'They *beat* me!' "

Concludes Arthur Mizener, "Nearly all of the Fitzgerald of this period (1925), and a good deal of the history of two literary generations, is in that anecdote; it is fabulous."

—BENNETT CERF.

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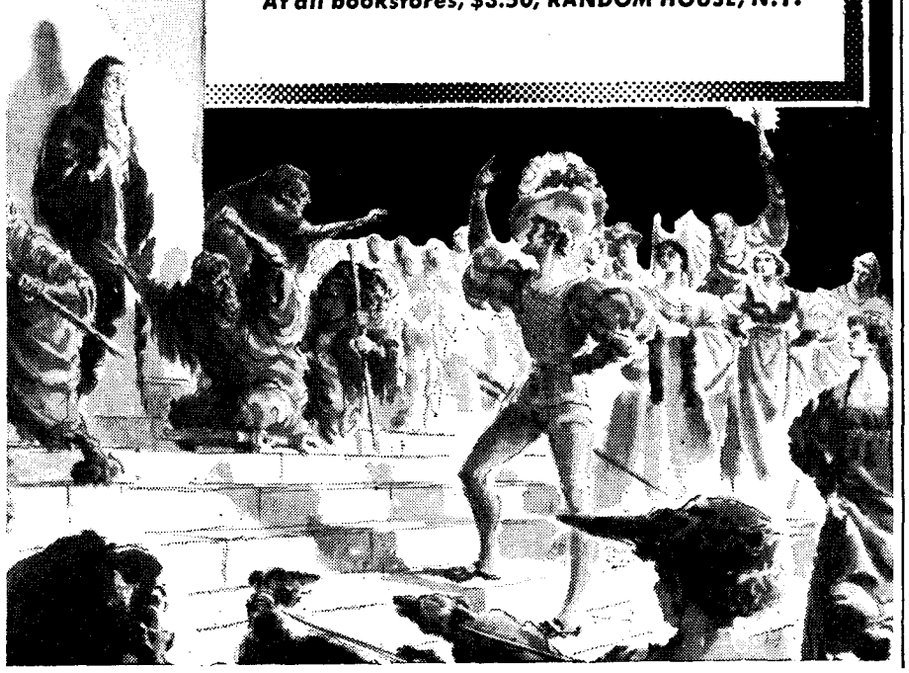

First Day

By Norma Lay

EACH Sunday we sit
quiet, straight-backed,
nor kneel, nor sing.
Knees bony, plump,
at week-day angle
hint of God, of friends
so loved one needs
this understatement
of the body,
lest flesh melt.

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*"A story that is timely, urgent and beautifully told"**

Catspaw

BY MARY BORDEN

"A mature, thoughtful novel in the *Darkness-at-Noon* vein which pictures the gradual disillusionment of a young Communist intellectual."
—*JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

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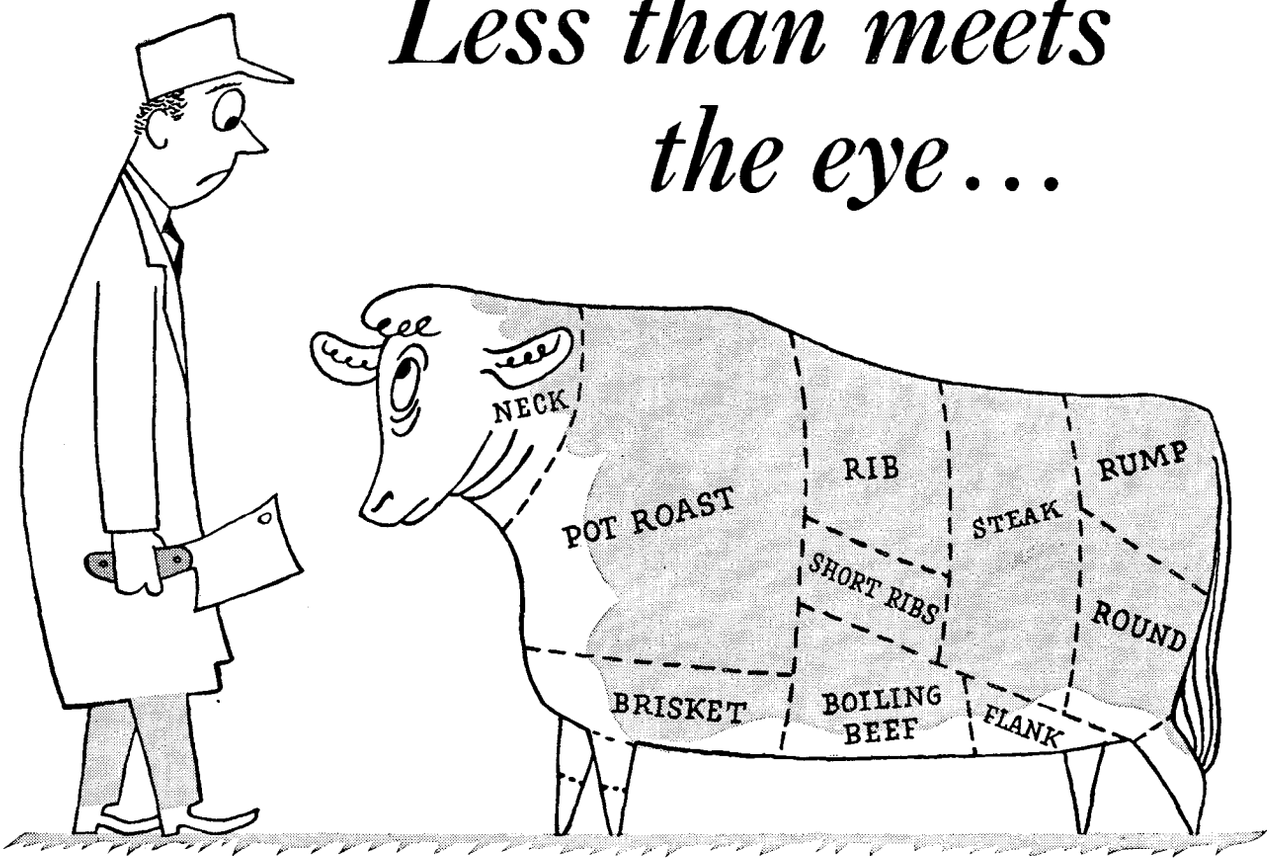
Less than meets the eye...



There's less *eatin' meat* on a steer (or lamb or pig) than meets the eye.

That's one of the reasons the Missus may look with jaundiced eye at the meat-man when he quotes her a price on a pound of steak, or chops or roast.

She's thinking of what the packer is paying for a pound of cattle *on the hoof;* what she's really buying is pretty near *all eatin' meat!*

Fact is, only half of a lamb is meat, and only about 10% of *that* meat is loin lamb chops. Only about two-thirds of a porker is meat *and* lard. Only a little more than half of a steer is beef, and only 8% of it is sirloin steak.

Remember, too, when the retailer buys his sides of meat, he is buying stew meat, shanks and shoulder roasts as well as fancy steaks and roasts. And there's always some trimming to do before he puts the cuts in the counter.

Next time you eye a meat animal, look for the *eatin' parts* and we believe you'll agree that the meat industry is doing a job when it moves meat from farm to table at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

A side light on the American meat industry

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Celluloid Civilization

HORTENSE POWDERMAKER

EVEN in Hollywood's most prosperous periods, when net profits were enormous, far surpassing those of other businesses, everyone was scared. Now, when diminishing foreign markets, increasing costs of production, competition with European pictures, and changing box-office tastes threaten the swollen profits of past prosperity, fear rises to panic.

Anxiety grips everyone from executive to third assistant director. The happy endings of at least 100-per-cent net profit for the studio and a relatively long period of employment at high salaries for employees, are becoming less common. Yet, although this is well known, many individuals still cherish the fantasy for themselves. In the movies the happy ending is still almost universal. Perhaps the people who make the movies cannot afford to admit that there can be another kind of ending, and many of those who sit in the audience prefer this fantasy, too. But an increasing number are becoming dissatisfied with the so obviously contrived nature of these endings. The neat and unrealistic movie solution to all problems is neither satisfying nor entertaining.

In Hollywood the lack of planning and extemporizing has been carried to extremes probably not known even on the frontier, and greater certainly than in any contemporary industry. Even more important, extemporizing without a plan has long been regarded by many as a necessary and inherent part of movie making. However, the proper accompaniment, the frontier self-confidence and courage in taking chances, is very rare in Hollywood. The distinguished director-producer William Wyler appeals, according to the weekly *Variety*, for "men of courage" in Hollywood to reach out for a wealth of picture material which the industry has shunned so far. He continues, "We need men of courage

in high places who will not be intimidated or coerced into making only 'safe' pictures—pictures devoid of any ideas whatsoever." Too often he has bumped up against a situation where the top men were forced to decide between two stories and asked the question, "Which is the safest?" Mediocrity in films is the direct result of playing it safe.

The men who make these decisions do not trust the public to like a picture which has ideas in it, Mr. Wyler says, in the same interview. It might be added that the men who do not trust the public usually do not trust themselves.

From the frontier past comes also the tradition of individual aggressive behavior. This persists although industry has become increasingly regimented and cooperation more essential. In the movie industry, which depends on the collaborative effort of many people, the aggression is more ruthless than any described on the frontier, although, due to the insecurities of most people, it is masked under "darlings" and "sweethearts" and costly presents and parties. In the movies, however, the hatred and aggression come through with a bang. Here is undiluted violence. This may meet the needs of the makers of our daydreams, as well as of those who consume them. Many people in our society experience a high level of frustration but are unable, either because of social pressures or inner fear, to express their resentment. In the movies they may find comfort and encouragement for their fantasies.

We have also inherited a Puritan tradition, stressing the sinfulness of human nature and giving us taboos to curb it. Today the doctrine of the innate evilness of man has lost much of its force and is far less a part of the conscious beliefs of many people. There is a growing awareness that babies are born neither sinful nor virtuous, but with potentialities for many different kinds of behavior, and even the definitions of sin and virtue continue to change. Hollywood, however, even more than the rest of society, feels the weight of Puritan traditions. The industry has imposed on itself a set of taboos derived in part from seventeenth-century New England Protestantism, in order to appease the Catholic Legion of Decency and other would-be censors. No one in Hollywood, and very few outside of it, believe in the Code; nor are the censors appeased or pleased. For while the taboos are applied in the production of each movie, they fail completely to achieve the Puritan concepts on which they are based. They serve merely to make movies more dishonest, which is the natural result of any hypocrisy.

THE activities of the various censoring groups spring not only from our past Puritanism but also out of our social system in which pressure groups are accustomed to playing an

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—*Vandamm.*

"Some of our most creative popular artists, such as Chaplin, Gershwin, Walt Disney, Irving Berlin, have made fortunes."

important role. Labor, big business, farmers, and others try to influence legislation and get what they want through their organizations. Pressure groups are not restricted to modern society. In primitive ones the whole tribe may bring pressure on recalcitrant individuals to follow the mores. But the pressure groups which try to influence Hollywood represent only a small part of the population and of movie audiences and are always negative in their intentions. They try to enforce a list of "thou shalt nots." Most people interested in good entertainment usually know enough to realize that good movies cannot be created by such actions and so do not belong to these groups. This raises the whole question of the function of pressure groups in different areas of society. It is possible that legislators can pass adequate laws through balancing the claims of different pressure groups, and the pluralistic theory of government has long been an accepted democratic practice. But legislation is one thing, and making a movie is another.

An important focus for much of the anxiety in our modern world is in our changing values and goals. The anthropologist knows that the important differences between groups of men are not biological, but lie in their goals. Among the same people the goals may change from one historical period to another, such as from Elizabethan to Victorian England, and they obviously vary from one society to another. In the early Middle Ages religion provided the sanctions for most behavior. Since then the church, while still a functioning institution, has continued to lose much of its vitality. As Clyde Kluckhohn writes in "Mirror for Man":

> The anthropologist must characterize our culture as profoundly irreligious. More than half of our people still occasionally go through the forms, and there are rural and ethnic islands in our population where religion is still a vital force. But very few of our leaders are still religious in the sense that they are convinced that prayer or the observance of church codes will affect the course of human events. . . . Belief in God's judgments and punishments as a motive for behavior is limited to a decreasing minority.

Even more important, relatively few people today, as compared with a couple of hundred years ago, have the kind of relationship with God to bring them security or comfort. Our society stresses the search for a good time rather than the quest for salvation.

TRADITIONS, however, have a habit of living on in the deeper levels of our consciousness, even when they are overtly denied. Comparatively few people give the impression of really enjoying their wealth or their good times. Many of them appear to be consumed with an obsession to merely fill up time with more and more activity, and space with more and more costly objects. The frenzied and compulsive activity in the studios and outside of them is one of Hollywood's most striking characteristics. Another is the evaluation of not only objects but people, too, in terms of how much they cost. In making movies this is reflected in the idea that the more a picture costs the better it must be. The tendency towards lavish sets, costumes, and other extravagances is now being curtailed because of the need for economy and the trend to shooting on location. But, with a few exceptions, the correlation of the value of pictures with their budgets is still the prevalent type of thinking in Hollywood. The greater the cost the more sure the studio feels of success, and hence high costs become one way of reducing anxiety. Actually, money can no more guarantee dramatic values than it can insure accuracy of significance in research.

The USA has been labeled by many students as a business civilization as contrasted to a religious one. This is obviously true, but not the whole truth. Roger Butterfield in "The American Past" described the dominant themes of American life as "the desire to see all men free and equal, and the desire to be richer and stronger than anyone else." This conflict between human and property rights has, as this author points out, generated much of the drama of American life. The political idealism and humanitarianism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as well as the earlier Puritanism, still influence our business civilization. In our Declaration of Independence is the quintessence of idealism, expressing for the first time the idea that all men have a right to happiness. If the anthropologist interested in our contemporary society digs under the top layers of people's beliefs, he will find still surviving the archaic concepts that money is not the road to happiness, or, at least, not the main one. If he is historically minded, he will note that when private capitalism was developing the man who accumulated wealth through his own hard work was respected and admired; but that later, when private capitalism changed to a corporate form, the corporation was regarded as an enemy of the people. Theodore Roosevelt became famous as a "trust-buster." No man in the USA becomes a national hero just through making a lot of money. He must have made some contribution to the welfare of his fellow men; most of the nation's heroes have been humanitarians.

In Hollywood the concept of a business civilization has been carried to an extreme. Property is far more important than man, and human values have to struggle hard to exist at all. But, while the heroes in Hollywood

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The World. *The realization that many cultures have made important contributions to contemporary American life has now happily penetrated even the stoutest citadels of Anglophilism; but there is some danger that we may forget that the core of our civilization remains indelibly British. Reminders of this are provided by two perspicacious books: Gerald Johnson's "Our English Heritage"* [SRL, *Aug. 20, 1949*] *and G. Kitson Clark's "The English Inheritance" (see page 47). Great Britain's postwar Socialistic experiment has aroused curiosity and even dismay this side of the Atlantic. This week we review two books by Americans which furnish varying verdicts: the Matthews' "Assignment to Austerity" and Robert Brady's "Crisis in Britain." . . . A brilliant profile of a man who may soon be in the middle of the news is Robert Payne's "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China," reviewed below by Richard Watts, Jr., an old China hand.*

More Complex than Lenin or Stalin

MAO TSE-TUNG: Ruler of Red China. By Robert Payne. New York: Henry Schuman. 321 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard Watts, Jr.

CLEARLY the Chinese Communist Revolution is, for good or evil, one of the key events of modern history, conceivably even more significant in its bearing on the future of the world than the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. Certainly, therefore, a work that can throw any reasonably objective light on the background, meaning, and potentialities of this tremendous social and national manifestation is performing a valuable service for Americans, even though the current hysterical feeling seems to be that not to sputter and grow indignant is virtually treasonable. Such a service is thoughtfully rendered by Robert Payne's "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China," a sympathetic but critical biography of the most powerful revolutionist since Lenin.

Mr. Payne, the almost incredibly prolific young Englishman who seems to come up with a new book every three months, has several virtues which help equip him for his current task. He knows a great deal about China, its history, and its culture; he speaks and reads the language, and he is essentially an artist. His basically artistic quality is particularly helpful here, because Mao Tse-tung, the fifty-seven-year-old Hunanese peasant who dominates contemporary China, is likewise, among other things, an artist. Like Mr. Payne, he is a poet, and by no means an inconsiderable one, who wrote poems while leading the apparently beaten Communist army in its famous Long March from Kiangsi province in the Southeast, where destruction seemed near, to Yenan in the Northwest, where it started its course to victory, and who composed another while flying between Yenan and Chungking for a doomed peace conference with Chiang Kai-shek.

Mr. Payne offers a translation of several of the poems, and they seem to be of definite quality, particularly the one called "The Snow," which Mao wrote on the airplane trip. That they are fine, and possibly distinguished, verse may be only of incidental interest. What Mr. Payne finds important is that they are written in traditional Chinese forms, while Mao, as a political leader, is against traditionalism in art. It is that divergence of viewpoints in the man which Payne sees as both a clue to the leader of the New China and a sign of the paradoxes that make him an enigma.

That he writes traditional verse and favors radical experimentation in poetry, loves the theatre, and has made the dance the most vivid form of the Revolution's artistic expression, but is insensitive to music and sculpture; that he is, in a few words, a lover of the classics who believes in art as a weapon and an esthete who has set himself against estheticism—these are but part of the paradoxical character of a far more complex revolutionary than Lenin or Stalin or even Trotsky. He is a hater of Confucius but, Payne believes, there is a strong admixture of Confucianism in his thinking. He is a believer in the proletarian state who has always placed his trust and hope in the peasant. He uses Marxist jargon but he stems more directly from the great nineteenth-century Chinese rebellion of the Taipings than from the Communist Manifesto. He is a

THE AUTHOR: Robert Payne, who was born in England, educated in South Africa, and wrote "The True Adventures of Princess Sylvia" at age seven, can't see why the gulps over his—well—rather abundant literary output. It's just that "when the books do eventually appear they have a habit of appearing all at once"—like six in 1947, besides two each in '38, '45, '46, '48, and '49. "The Young Emperor," a novel about a flute-playing Persian girl, to be released in a few days, for instance, "was begun in 1946 and revised and revised and revised. . . . So there was nothing very prolific about that. Then there is a study of pride called 'The Wanton Nymph,' which comes out this year in England and that took sixteen years." And his only other 1950 book was "Zero: The Story of Terrorism." Mostly his works have dealt—in poetry, fiction, personal history, political comment, and biography—with China, where he went for the British Ministry of Information in 1941 and remained to teach English literature and naval architecture. But previously he novelized the Spanish Civil War and Russian history, and he's currently having a go at the Christian Fathers and recent events in Asia. These between now teaching the young ladies at Alabama College, where he feels not at all disoriented: "Chungking and Montevallo have much in common . . . there are surprisingly beautiful women in both. Also, there is all the fun of trying to understand the comic credit system used in American colleges." However, he'd like soon to wander over the East again, perhaps to follow up on Mao, whom he first saw in Yenan the spring of 1946. "In comparison with the Kuomintang leaders he was a man and they were monkeys. I think he is one of the few truly great men of our generation, comparable with Marshall and Chaplin. The three of them give me a fair measure of hope for the future, and one day I shall get down to writing the biographies of the remaining two." —R. G.

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supporter of Moscow who in the past has never hesitated to diverge from the Kremlin line when it seemed to him wise to do so. He is a totalitarian who has said, "We must regard bureaucracy and authoritarianism as enemies."

"He is no Tito," Mr. Payne says straightforwardly, and he feels that there are "evident dangers" in Mao's habits of dogmatism and oversimplification, the oversimplification of a man who is himself highly complex and has put his faith in both the China of the ancient classic, "All Men Are Brothers," and the world of Lenin. Whether his own beliefs and the hostility of American foreign policy will drive him irrevocably into the arms of Moscow, it is impossible to say, but it is an oversimplification equally as mistaken as that of Mao to see him and the New China as mere puppets of Stalin.

Whatever else it may be, the Chinese Communist Revolution is a basically Chinese revolt against feudalism, corruption, incompetence, and the incredible backwardness and stupidity of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. It is not Russian scheming or any lack of support by the United States that brought about the collapse of the Kuomintang and the establishment of the Peoples' Government, but the needs of the Chinese masses and the self-defeating rottenness of the old regime. Mr. Payne does not look on the Chinese Communists as merely "agrarian reformers" — indeed, the only person I can think of who ever did believe that they were was General Patrick J. Hurley at one point—but the peasant has been the backbone of their revolution. And it was, the author recalls, Mao Tse-tung who realized this when the more rigid Communists of the Twenties and early Thirties, were insisting, with Moscow's backing, that reliance should be placed on the urban workers. It should be remembered that Mao had his way.

Mr. Payne reminds us, also, that, when the Chinese Communists were being instructed by agents of the Third International they were hopelessly vanquished and only started winning when they made their own policy; that Stalin disavowed them at Potsdam, saying "that the Kuomintang was the only political force capable of ruling China"; that Mao insisted in 1943 that his regime had "received no assistance or advice from the Comintern since 1935," which marked the beginning of their success, and that Mao is passionately Chinese. His nationalistic ignorance of other countries is one of his great weaknesses. But the man Mr. Payne portrays is no simple-minded Russian puppet.

Industrializing the Whole World

PEACE BY INVESTMENT. By Benjamin A. Javits. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 242 pp. $3.50.

By C. E. Ayres

THE ESSENCE of the industrial way of life is continual expansion. War is an interruption of the industrial life process. Moreover, it is true in a very real sense that all the wars of modern times have had their origin in the difficulties and failures of industrial expansion. In the long run, therefore, the problem of world peace is indissociable from the problem of the continuing, progressive industrialization of the whole world.

In recent years these truths have been fermenting in the minds of a great many people; and that circumstance, plus general awareness of the responsibilities entailed by the industrial leadership of the United States, have actuated wide discussion of "America's role in the world economy," as Professor Alvin Hansen called it. President Truman's Point Four program is one result of this concern. "Peace by Investment" is another.

Taking a long-run, strategic view of the twin problems of world peace and world industrialization, the author argues eloquently and informedly for the creation of an investment fund of two trillion dollars, of which one trillion is to come from the United States, the whole sum to be expended on world industrialization over the period of the next half century.

Mr. Javits argues convincingly that the United States could easily afford to make this advance, and that it would be a small price to pay for peace and for a worldful of solvent customers. After all, the last war cost something like two trillion. But his chief concern is with world need and with what the effects of such an effort might add up to in various parts of a troubled and hungry world. Thus ten of his fourteen chapters, or 159 of his 234 pages of text, are devoted to the analysis of the present situations and possibilities in ten key countries: Britain, USSR, France, Italy, Germany, Greece, Turkey, China, Argentina, and Israel.

Mr. Javits knows what investment can do, both as a student and as a practitioner. He is a progressive capitalist of conspicuously bold vision, as witness his readiness to advance two hundred billion dollars to the Russian people. He writes with exemplary clarity and vigor, and his analysis of the industrial possibilities of the ten key countries displays sound knowledge and keen understanding. Consequently it is all the more regrettable that he should have by-passed the one great difficulty that confronts all such proposals.

Benjamin A. Javits—a two-trillion - dollar investment.

As all students of the subject know, the great difficulty is that of international transfer. There are only two ways by which an international investment can be liquidated: by the eventual transfer of goods from the debtor to the creditor country in the amount of the original investment, plus interest, and in excess of goods required to balance the then-current exports of the creditor country; or by the creditor country, or its citizens, taking title to property in the debtor country (the earnings of which still present the problem of transfer).

Mr. Javits is not unaware of this difficulty. Thus he reproaches the United States for having erected traffic barriers against payment in goods during the 1920's. But is his friend Charles E. Wilson, who has written a laudatory foreword to this book, prepared to countenance an in-flow of electrical equipment in such volume as the liquidation of a two-trillion-dollar advance would require? Or is the half-century of peace to mean that Americans are to become an owning class throughout the world? Mr. Javits sees, as we all do, that investments must be safeguarded, and this, he says, means that American law must prevail wherever our investments go and that American courts must be given extraterritorial jurisdiction over all such investments. But this is what the Russians call "capitalist imperialism"; and if it isn't that, what is it?

These are hard questions. But until they are answered we shall have no assurance that foreign investment is the road to peace.

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British Bread

ASSIGNMENT TO AUSTERITY. By Herbert and Nancie Matthews. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 338 *pp.* $3.

By WILLIAM H. STEVENSON

TO A GREENHORN Londoner visiting the United States for the first time the sight of a white-garbed gentleman behind a spacious shop-window frying ham and eggs for all to buy and eat was an apocalyptic vision. I had a sharp rebound from ten years of austerity. So it was with unusual relish (no pun intended) that I opened this book by two clear-sighted and candid observers of the British scene over the last five years—an American and his English wife. Aside from his outstanding gifts as a journalist, Mr. Matthews has had unique opportunities of seeing prominent people and going places because he was the chief correspondent of one of the world's great newspapers. Mrs. Matthews, who shared his travels, limits her vivid chapters to surveys of the trials and difficulties of British housewives, the general status of women, the condition of public health. In general, she provides a sympathetic, kindly picture, showing remarkable understanding, though few British housewives spend a summer holiday in a baronial castle or employ a manservant able to squander $125 in a night on dog races.

Mr. Matthews is a shrewd judge of statesmen. It would be unfair to say that his appreciation of Mr. Churchill only stops short of idolatry for he does take account of an occasional wart. To Ernest Bevin he is less kind. He sees the Foreign Secretary as a supremely able trade-union negotiator with an outlook on the world circumscribed to economics. Mr. Bevin "has a strong flair for knowing what people feel and how far he and they can go but he is not a trained and logical thinker." The comment is chilly and inadequate. Sir Stafford Cripps fares better. "No one," Mr. Matthews observes, "can dispute his extreme brilliance, his incomparable technical ability, his devoted dedication to social service . . . he saved Britain as surely as Winston Churchill did." Surely this is carrying the one-man principle to an extreme. The British people saved themselves and the credit is due not to any individual, clique, coterie, or political party.

Mr. Matthews is pessimistic about the future of Britain. He considers that she cannot recover for at least a generation, if ever. He may be right but there are undeniable facts to justify a contrary view. At the end of this last war Britain had drained her strength, sold her possessions, and faced bankruptcy, but she accepted austerity and hard work as the only way to recovery.

After five years she has weathered several grave crises, maintained full employment, widened immeasurably the scope of the welfare state, and made great progress towards rehabilitating her finances. In the last two years industrial productivity has increased by 10 per cent. Mr. Matthews is skeptical about British capacity to maintain the welfare state because of its cost but he is a warm admirer of the socialized health scheme and predicts that something of the kind will inevitably come about in the United States. British experience has disclosed unforeseen difficulties. These include a lot of hidden suffering (especially from eye trouble), needless prescribing of expensive medicines by a section of doctors, an ignoble rush by a part of the public to get "something for nothing." An amending measure to deal with these and other defects will certainly be put through by a future Government. Mr. Matthews ascribes too much credit for the scheme to Lord Beveridge. The latter performed a highly competent piece of Civil-Service work in his report on national insurance but the dynamic came from Labor ministers in the wartime Government, notably Mr. Arthur Greenwood when he was Minister of Reconstruction. But if Mr. Matthews's criticisms are not always well founded they are never ungenerous. He quotes, with approval, a passage from a speech delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, England, just over a century ago, declaring that Britain had conquered her many difficulties because she "has a pulse like cannon." That is true today.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Compliments of Sir Stafford, M'Lord."

Rugby Complex

CRISIS IN BRITAIN. By Robert Brady. Berkeley: University of California Press. 730 *pp.* $5.

By CRANE BRINTON

HERE is a very substantial study of contemporary Britain, centered on the problem of British material production, buttressed with statistical analyses, packed with details of the organization and administration of the Socialist experiment in Britain. From the Bank of England through coal, power, and transport to health and planning, few details are missed. Statistics in production lag some months behind the facts and careful scholarly books like this one require months for the process of manufacture. Mr. Brady has to base his appraisal of the achievement of the Labor Party on roughly the first two and a half years of their tenure of power. It is on the whole a pessimistic appraisal, which full command of the statistics of the next two years would hardly have made more optimistic.

Mr. Brady, though he does not quite rule out such factors outside direct British control as the East-West conflict and the American tariff, nonetheless finds the central problem of British economy to be that of efficiency of production. Unless Britain can attain throughout her economy a greater output per worker, she cannot hope to remain among the nations with high standards of living—indeed, unless she can come closer to us in production per man-hour she is due to undergo all sorts of horrors Mr. Brady does not specify. In his Chapter XII he assembles some impressive figures: before the war output per man-hour was over all industry perhaps 2.8 times higher in the United States than in Britain; since the war the gap has certainly not diminished. Britain clings during the Second Industrial Revolution to the ways that brought her leadership in the First Industrial Revolution—clings to rather small firms, to little machines (think of those incredible British freight cars, which look like baby carriages to American travelers), above all, and even under Labor auspices, to unplanned muddling at all levels, from the Coal Board to the individual farmer. These nineteenth-century habits also include a tendency to depend on cartel-like price agreements and a general preference for security over adventure and a few others that wouldn't exactly jibe with the values of the great Victorians. But when Americans like Mr. Brady are in the mood to lament about Britain

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they turn on the tear ducts rather freely and without regard to logical consistency.

Mr. Brady, however, by no means repeats most current American stereotypes about the British Socialist "revolution by consent." Most American comment on the British experiment reproaches our allies for their abandonment of free enterprise, for their adoption of the planned welfare state. Mr. Brady, on the contrary, reproaches them for not being Socialist enough, above all for not planning nearly enough, at least at the level of grand national planning. He finds the British at bottom obstinately conservative, obstinately addicted to the old individualistic improvising, obstinately playing their disorderly rugby instead of a nice planned game, like our football.

He may well be right about the immediate future of Britain. But his book is at bottom a misleading analysis for it is based on a deceptively simple view of human society. Like all who have taken the Marxist stamp too completely, Mr. Brady seems to believe that the "means of production" of a given society form a consistent and unified whole. We have Detroit; the British need to make Birmingham into another Detroit or they perish. But you can't possibly make Birmingham into another Detroit—not, at any rate, very rapidly. Even machines have to be made and run by human beings. The Marxist, like more esthetic rebels, holds the unreal paradox that machines make and run men. If machines really did so, our intellectuals would have something much more serious than crisis in Britain to worry about. But neither machines nor economists writing about means of production actually "determine" the fate of any society. The determinants are many, varied, and in their totality as yet quite beyond human grasp. We cannot yet be quite as sure as Mr. Brady is that for Britain "the sands in the hourglass are running exceedingly low."

World Notes

THE SOVIET AIR FORCE, by Asker Lee. Harper. $2.75. The denizen of Military Intelligence and the average reader alike will necessarily have to take most of Wing Commander Lee's assessment of the Soviet Air Force on faith—faith in the comprehensive accuracy of the Intelligence reports and observations that constitute his raw materials, and faith in his ability to render judgment. On the latter ground, there's excellent reason to respect the author: he did a profound

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Fiction. *The most interesting of the books reviewed this week is Robert Nathan's "The Married Look," a novel written with sympathy and compassion. Its theme is familiar to all older married people, the difficulty of recalling what they once saw in each other, the moment of illumination which was the first cause of love. In another thoughtful novel, "Afterwards," Elizabeth Fenwick explores the problems of divorce and the subtle complexities and pressures which may lead to the destruction of a family. The domestic scene is also the subject of Nancy Hale's "The Sign of Jonah," a somewhat cold-blooded investigation of a New England patriarch and dictator. In Gore Vidal's second novel of the year, "Dark Green, Bright Red," a South American revolution is filled with brutality and terror. Neurotics who construct their own hells fill an oddly titled volume of stories, "The Injustice Collectors," by Louis Auchincloss.*

The Will to Reform

THE SIGN OF JONAH. By Nancy Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 413 *pp.* $3.50.

By Josephine Lawrence

APPARENTLY the main distinction between Franco, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, and Enoch Crocker, the patriarch, is that they've been labeled dictators whereas Nancy Hale files Enoch under the heading of reformer. The dictators, to be sure, have worked in larger fields, ruined a greater number of human lives, but, considering his limited opportunities, Grandfather Crocker didn't do too badly: he managed the spiritual demolition of his daughter and her three children, who had elevated him—whether voluntarily or with his benign consent is not quite clear—to the place of God. Miss Hale believes that the will to reform is too often another phase of the will to power—more acceptable in analysis, perhaps, to the leader as well as the led.

Enoch was discovered, literally, by Sybil Crocker, his great-niece, a wealthy young New Yorker left lonely by her artist-father's death. Nothing had prepared Sybil for "Concord" or the Louisa Alcott atmosphere into which she and her companion, Harry Stokes, stepped at the conclusion of their trip south. Enoch, six feet tall, with white hair and beard and a bell-like voice; his middle-aged daughter, Elizabeth; her two lovely daughters: Hope, a stunning beauty; Felicity, pretty in her own way, and Edward, the girls' brother, handsome and moody—these vital, picturesque people pushed Elizabeth's husband, Arthur Buswell, far into the background.

Sybil learned that Enoch's life had been devoted to educating the Negro. Concord was a community enterprise conducted, as the Northern girl was intelligent enough to perceive, in the spirit of the past. Elizabeth hated the South; her father's work and teachings had alienated the white neighbors, and the fabric of the placid, devoted family life was wearing very thin.

Hope, who inherited her grandsire's magnificent health, excellent mind, and will to power, without his passion to serve humanity, was the first to get free. She accomplished her escape by becoming pregnant. Her cousin Sybil's beau, the wealthy Harry Stokes, appealed to her as a suitable husband, so she married him. This sharp, uncluttered behavior pattern was the basic one that Hope was to follow for the rest of her brilliant, exciting life.

Enoch's death, soon after Hope's

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marriage, released his daughter Elizabeth, who promptly left her husband to farm Concord and moved, with Felicity and Edward, to New York. From this point on the Crocker-Buswell family became a legend in that section of New York society which furnishes material for the gossip columns and the more expensive magazines. One might think the law of averages would have permitted even a reformer one decent, honorable, healthy-minded descendant, but the Crocker blood stream was too thoroughly tainted. Whatever good Enoch did in his life span was permanently interred with his bones.

Hope—beautiful, dazzling, ruthless, fabulous—had the golden touch. Her family shared in the clouds of glory she trailed as she scored successively in the roles of social leader, famous playwright, and distinguished editor. Only when her second marriage, to a man she expected ultimately to establish her in the White House, blew up in her face, did she taste defeat. Characteristically, she turned to the one dramatic pose left untried—that of reformer.

This exhaustive study of human destinies (the enormous amount of ground covered by Miss Hale can not be indicated in a brief outline) adds up to an overly long book written with such expertness and intelligence that it seems illogical to protest because it leaves the reader so unmoved. Nevertheless, the conviction persists that cold curiosity is an artificial response to disintegration and decay. And, granted that the civilized, objective, sophisticated approach is the indication of a disciplined talent, why not acknowledge that a little warmth, a little pity, become the artist, too?

Nancy Hale—"cold curiosity."

Fighting Somebody Else's Revolution

DARK GREEN, BRIGHT RED. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 307 pp. $3.

By JOHN BROOKS

THIS is the sixth novel in all and the second of the year by Gore Vidal, who is still in his twenties. This veritable one-man fiction factory here deals with a revolution in a Central American republic in a book which has the strength of containing some very skilful writing and the weakness of being somewhat undigested—as a result, one can only conclude, of Mr. Vidal's having gobbled his material too rapidly.

"Dark Green, Bright Red" tells of how General Jorge Alvarez Asturias, a fallen dictator, tries to regain power by force, with the unreliable aid of an American fruit company, a tatterdemalion army of Indians, a French secretary once a famous novelist, a Catholic priest, and a young American out of West Point. The American, in mysterious disgrace in the States as a result of a court-martial, is the story's protagonist. Dark green with closely observed tropical scenery, bright red with frighteningly well-described battle scenes, the novel ought to be a direct hit. Yet the impression left is more that of a near miss.

The thing that robs it of the impact that it rightfully deserves is, I think, a certain unevenness of narrative texture—a tendency to be several kinds of book rather than one kind. Instead of supplementing each other as they might in a much larger work, the textures tend to conflict.

First, "Dark Green, Bright Red" is in part a super-naturalistic war book, much in the Norman Mailer manner, but going beyond Mailer in nihilism. Nobody stands for anybody or anything except survival and power; the political Right is not really the Right nor the Left the Left; rape, loot, and gratuitous murder are so routine that they bore even the perpetrators; a torture scene finds the observer more concerned with his own tender sensibilities and digestion than with any desire to set the matter right. One would have thought that this sort of thing had already been done into the ground by a whole generation of war writers, but Mr. Vidal actually increases the shock by having the atrocities committed and observed by people who talk in phrases like "good heavens" and "why on earth."

Secondly, in illuminating his major characters Mr. Vidal resorts to the stream-of-consciousness reverie. He

Gore Vidal—"beyond Mailer."

uses this familiar technique persuasively, particularly in the case of Peter Nelson, the American *manqué*, who has come, for money, escape, and adventure, to fight in somebody else's revolution. Peter, incidentally, along with Hemingway's Colonel Cantwell, is surely a leading candidate for the honor of being the current novelistic military man most preoccupied with his own body. He is forever scratching his chest or looking at himself in the mirror. Such details, while not pretty, are convincing enough, and Peter, in a rather grubby way, lives.

Thirdly, as far as the General is concerned, "Dark Green, Bright Red" is comic opera: the pompous Latin military man, complete with a beautiful daughter engaged to the son of an American tycoon, gathering together his quaint forces for a final assault on the citadel of pride. At last we have him, broken in mind and spirit, pounding on the table for order and then waving his fist in the air in pain. Again, we have him shouting orders to the remains of his army, which consists solely of four Indians too drunk to move—comic and poignant to the last.

The use of these divergent textures, not woven together by any common thread, suggests a lack of conviction on Mr. Vidal's part as to just what he wants to do with his material. As a result his book must be recorded as an interesting failure. Still and all, it contains a spirited story and much brilliant writing, and there are few enough novels written and published that allow of being measured against artistic standards, as Mr. Vidal's work most certainly can be.

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After the First Rapture

THE MARRIED LOOK. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 195 pp. $2.50.

By Gouverneur Paulding

WHEN people get married there is a moment, after the first rapture, when they look at their happiness, take stock of it, and one says to the other: "Do you remember the implausible invitation that brought us together?" It is easy, then, to remember, for it was only a few months ago, a year or so ago, that there was that enchanted morning, noon, or evening, and the man and the woman have not had time to change—they still are recognizable to each other. Then one replies to the other: "Yes, I remember," and, looking at each other, they see again what they saw in the first moment of illumination. Later, when people have altered, when people have "the married look," it is not so easy to recall the beginning or be sure that dreams were not broken or forgotten in life together. It may also be hard to remember the cause of love. At such a time, half way on the road of our life, questioning is perilous, especially if it is expressed in dialogue demanding direct replies; the search must be conducted alone. Essentially, it is time itself that must be recaptured and even abolished entirely, so that a man and a woman may draw on their love always, regardless of the passing of time, disdaining time as the greatest of unrealities.

"The Married Look," in which there is speculation on such matters, is written with Mr. Nathan's usual cool, quiet precision, his customary thoughtfulness and compassion. Once again the frontier between the real and the unreal is crossed without any trouble from the customs' guards—Mr. Nathan's papers are always in order. So that when one morning Edward, on his way to the laboratory, finds himself driving along a California road which both he and we know cannot possibly exist, neither of us can make any valid objection. Disregarding all familiar landmarks, the road winds up hills that were not there the night before and leads Edward into the presence of a young woman whose existence is certainly as improbable as that of the road. She is standing—if she has any reality at all—close to a roofed-over wagon. Its sides are painted white and red; there are ruffled curtains at its windows; nearby, an old horse is tethered to a tree. Who is this Clementine whom Edward—happily married to Ruth—loves at first sight, serenely, and without sense of guilt? She appears to live and travel about in this old-fashioned wagon. She swims with Edward in the sea, plays on the beach with children, and she loves Edward with a purity and sureness equal to his love for her—that is, if the sea, if the children, and she herself are not simply a dream; if this love between the two is not a dream also. Naturally enough, Edward, although guiltless, is embarrassed at this intimacy, this inexplicably natural and total intimacy that comes, mysteriously and for so brief a period, into his life. For Edward loves Ruth, his wife—it is only that he has forgotten what made him love her when he and she were young. That is what was worrying him the day before the misty California road led him off into his extraordinary adventure; it is to that first sureness of love that he would like to return. Edward does not speak to Ruth about Clementine, his "darling Clementine."

It is only at the end of this gentle and profoundly serious story—after Clementine has bid him a last farewell—that Edward rejoins his wife's youth, his wife's youthful dreams, and his own. Then time does not matter any more at all.

Post-Divorce

AFTERWARDS. By Elizabeth Fenwick. New York: Rinehart & Co. 219 pp. $2.50.

By Kathleen Sproul

WHENEVER a social institution has been disturbed and shaken by new turns of custom and event there usually comes out of the conflict a self-remedy; the remedy is often viewed as a suspect maverick (since it is forgotten that the original institution was born in response to former turns of event and expediency) and the whole process is then labeled a Problem. Discussion of the Problem goes on from rostrum, pulpit, and editorial page, as if the shaken institution were an Absolute that had little to do with the human beings who made it in the first place. The self-remedy may be a fumbling one that in its turn produces more Problems. But any understanding of the whole business is impossible and any solution defeated unless the discussers are willing to dispense with capital letters and get down to some examination of the human reasons for the disturbance.

This is particularly true of the Divorce Problem; and if for nothing else Elizabeth Fenwick's new book should be applauded for its determined avoidance of general labels (the word divorce is scarcely used though this is a story that would not have happened without that convenient legality) in favor of perceptive exploration of individuals who occasioned the labels. But applause need not be limited to that. The people of the book are not being explored as symbols in a Problem; not one of them was imported into the story to serve a purpose to it. They live and move as themselves and it even seems inappropriate to speak of the author's amazing ability to create the variety of character that is here. These are not "characters"; they are people, and their motives are the mixed ones forced on any human being by the impact of his own desire on the motives and desires of his associates.

Eila Quinn comes back to Boston and Brookline in a summer three years after her divorce from Nick Barton. She brings her two-year-old Becky, the child whose conception forced the break in a family which had seemed secure. Billy Quinn died in the war, and his shadow is never quite real, reminding one that the loves that interrupt marriages are often like a dream acted Freudian-wise without the protagonists ever knowing the basic reason.

Ostensibly Eila has made the trip

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from California, where she has been living with her sister and brother-in-law, to borrow some of her inheritance from her mother, so that she can start a business of her own. She sees her former husband and finally, inevitably, is installed as a guest in her mother's Brookline home, where Nick and their teen-age son, Barty, have been living since the domestic debacle. Here is a potential storm, but as unintended and yet destined as the electricity brewed within cumulo-nimbus. Yet anyone walking by the broad-lawned, pleasant house would have known no more than that a grandmother was devotedly tending a charming little granddaughter in the gracious shade. The walker would not have understood that Marian Marshall received this malleable baby with ecstasy, as substitute for the dead husband, the daughters who had dismayed her by demonstrating will, and Barty, now too grown to be any longer subservient.

Nick Barton has been known as omniscient to his womenfolk, but he himself has been uncomfortably aware of the cracks in the undeserved label as he ponders Barty's adolescent problems. Those problems had been exacerbated by the fact of living with Marian; with Eila's coming they are intensified, not so much for themselves but by Nick's enlarged awareness of them in relation to his own revived problem.

So the ferment increases in the pleasant house with indecision making some misery and some enlightenment. Through emotional incitement of each other, never outside the realms of everyday living and conversation, they discover paths they need to know; yet it is not certain that they can walk them. (All but Marian; she is past the age where she can benefit by discovery. Even though unhappily torn, she must try to find her way by the blazes of former emotion.)

The writing has the skilful beauty that keeps you unaware of the skill; subtlety and perceptiveness are so much integral to the story and its actors that only later does the perfection of some of the sentences and images become apparent.

Those who are be-

(Continued on page 37)

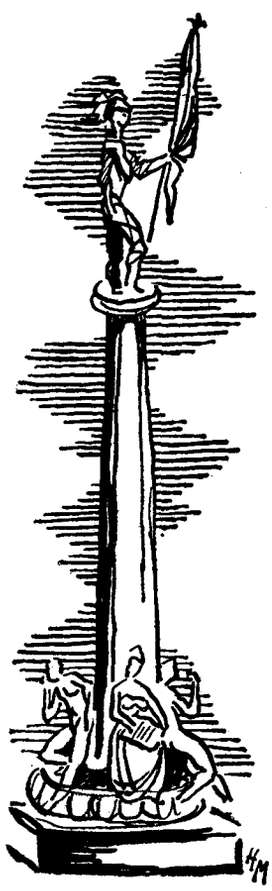
Americana. *Harry S. Truman, former* Kansas City Star *mailing-room clerk, railway timekeeper, farmer, haberdasher, county judge, and Federal Senator, has been thirty-third President of the United States for less than six years and already he is a legend. Jonathan Daniels's quasi-authorized biography, "The Man of Independence"* [SRL *Sept. 30*], *has lived up to expectations; since its publication a fortnight ago it has been one of the chief topics wherever the politically-minded gather. Now come two more books to enhance the legend: Robert S. Allen's and William V. Shannon's "Truman Merry-Go-Round" and George E. Allen's "Presidents Who Have Known Me." Anyone unduly oppressed by the "Merry-Go-Round's" implication that we are now headed for hell in a wheelbarrow may find solace in Allan Nevins's account of the decade when the nation was speeding toward avoidable trouble, "The Emergence of Lincoln."*

State of the Union 1857-61

THE EMERGENCE OF LINCOLN. (Ordeal of the Union, Vols. III and IV.) By Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I, 472 pp. Vol. II, 524 pp. $12.50 the set.

By J. G. Randall

WITH primary colors and powerful strokes Mr. Nevins paints vigorously on his vast canvas. His project is nothing less than a multi-volume rewriting of James Ford Rhodes, but his work, while as comprehensive as that of Rhodes, is more stirring and colorful, richer in characterization, and of quicker pace in drama and narrative. His first two volumes — "Ordeal of the Union" (1947)—covered the years 1848 through 1856; the volumes before us deal with the period 1857 to early 1861. A number of writers have treated this era of Buchanan—Roy F. Nichols has done so recently and well—but Nevins attacks it as part of a great undertaking in general history, which few have attempted, and one does not go far in these pages without realizing how incorrect it would have been to suppose that the subject had been exhausted.



It is amazing what a vast amount of American historical writing has been taken up with North versus South. The theme has its unending dramatic appeal, but it also has its stereotypes, overemphases, and misconceptions. Any study of the varying cultures of American regions (there were more than two) is far too circumscribed if it omits constructive values and considers only bickering, hate, and bloodshed. There were these antagonisms, due very largely to the curse of slavery, and they are a part of history, but in addition to a study of disruption we need also considerate attention to constructive regional values, with due accord to the contribution of each area. Such studies, that should be both regional and national, could become a quest for that composite which Stephen Vincent Benét called "the American thing." Great merit in the abolition crusade should not disappear in justification for murderous violence. Nor should the mosaic of Southern life be crammed into the pattern of a Union-shattering policy which, as it seemed to Northern Democrats, was "not rule or ruin, but rule *and* ruin." It is fortunate that for so difficult a project, conceived on so extensive a design, Mr. Nevins brings not only wide knowledge but fresh interpretation, balanced judgment, and an unwillingness to be content with superficial aspects.

Through the period of which Mr. Nevins writes there ran a thread of "Manichean dualism." After the panic of 1857 and the subsequent recovery industrial and business prospects brightened, with literature, education, Western growth, and American inventiveness showing great promise; while at the same time "the sectional quarrel, like a cancer gnawing at the viscera of some outwardly healthy

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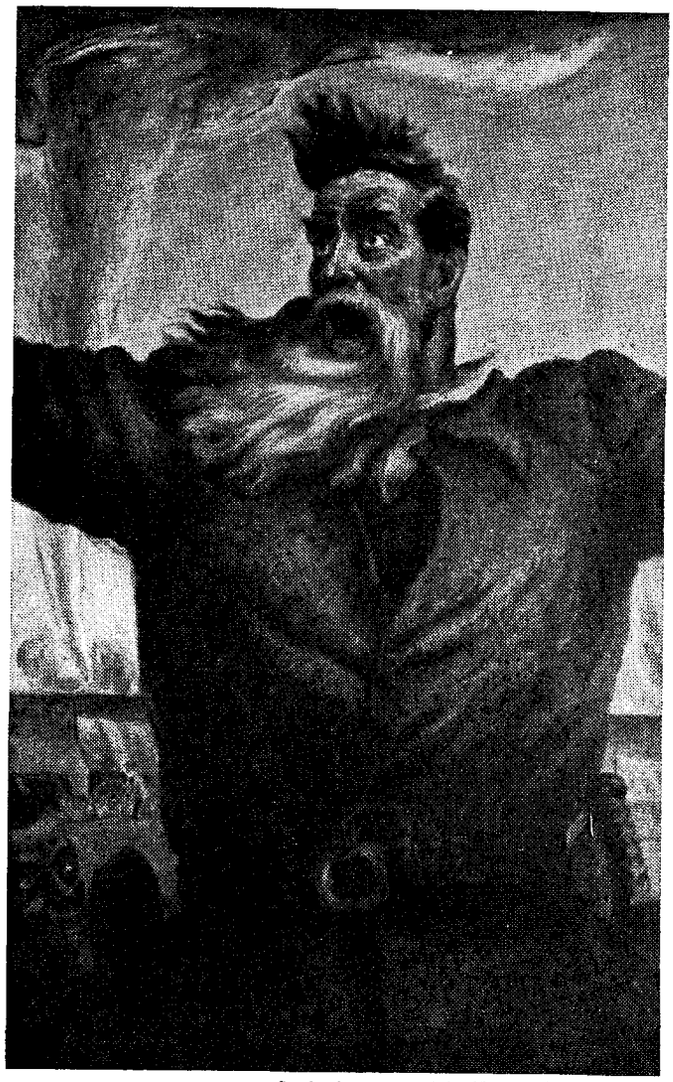
man, furnished constant spasms of pain and fever." As Mr. Nevins has shown in his earlier work, and again here, it was an era of notable human striving, and with other great reforms afoot it was unthinkable that agitation against slavery should have been neglected. The fateful importance of slavery in contributing to secession and war is not to be denied. The tragedy was that the social and moral question of slavery and antislavery passed out of its proper field of reform and adjustment into the snarling arena of sectional antagonism.

Political agitation did not remain channeled within its proper course. It spilled over into the pulpit, the press, and so-called "commercial conventions." In all this we are faced with the broad problem as to what happens when the discussion of public affairs gets out of hand. The nation's best leaders — Lincoln and Douglas (who did not differ as much as is supposed), Seward, Crittenden, and so on—earnestly sought a peaceful, Union-saving solution of the crisis of 1860-61, but in this regard they did not control events. Control—or rather a kind of uncontrolled, irresponsible shaping of results—slipped into the inferior hands of such men as Rhett, Slidell, and Yancey, as in a later crisis, when America's course was shaped, not by the insight and validity of Wilson, but by the partisan maneuvers of Henry Cabot Lodge.

National destiny became a matter of trifling, of Congressional deadlock, of cheap melodrama. Buchanan surrendered to proslavery extremists. Politicians mulled over the question of slavery in the territories, not in the manner of statesmen but "as dogs chew a juiceless bone." The Supreme Court issued the notorious Dred Scott decision—that a Negro was not a citizen and that Congress had no Constitutional power to prohibit slavery in national territory. As free-soilers battled the program of a Southern slave code the normal course of Kansan settlement was diverted into wrangling and violence, culminating in the fraudulent Lecompton constitution, designed (unsuccessfully) to force Kansas into the Union as the sixteenth slave state. The intellectual climate was conditioned by the proslavery writings of Christy, DeBow, Dew, and Fitzhugh, matched by the powerful antislavery arguments of Helper, with Frederick Law Olmsted adding on-the-spot studies of Southern civilization.

Forensic treatment of the "vexed question" as in the Lincoln-Douglas debates was obscured by the sensational violence at Harpers Ferry. In this abnormal atmosphere there came the disruption of the Democratic organization (the only effective national party), the election of Lincoln, the failure of "compromise," the impotence of Congress, the precipitate secession of the lower South, and the hasty formation of the rival Southern republic. Lincoln, who had denounced what would now be called "preventive war" and who had never considered civil war inevitable, made an eloquent inaugural plea for union and peace with a clear warning of the utter folly of bloodshed. The work before us ends there, with Lincoln taking the helm, but with war not yet detonated.



Study for a mural in Kansas State Capitol.
"John Brown," by John Steuart Curry.

While all these episodes and many others are fully treated, there are certain themes to which Mr. Nevins gives special emphasis: Douglas (approached with fresh research and treated favorably), the Dred Scott decision (elaborately studied and buttressed with an appendix), Lincoln (adequately presented but with realistic exposure of Republican maneuvers), the Kansas struggle, and the Lecompton swindle. Minor figures have their entrances and exits, social life is not neglected, economic movements are traced, and the literature of the age is presented to show that strife and hatred were not the whole story.

Mr. Nevins makes a kind of specialty of John Brown: his hard soul, snakelike eye, tendency to see things large but without balance, fondness for assassination and conspiracy, religious fanaticism, monomania, and fixations as to "my great duty," "my mission." It is not only the man that is treated, but (which was an utterly different thing) the legend. Despite his record as robber and murderer, Brown's self-immolation and antislavery boldness captured the praise of Emerson and the support of a remarkable set of "abolitionist backers": Theodore Parker, Gerrit Smith, George L. Stearns, Frank B. Sanborn, T. W. Higginson, S. G. Howe, and others. The terrible repercussions of the Harpers Ferry assault are shown in the angry reaction of the South and the unfair effort to pin responsibility for the crime upon Seward and the Republican Party. As a matter of fact, Seward, Lincoln, and the Republicans generally, were conservative rather than violent, and Lincoln was notably friendly toward the South. Treating Brown as a case for psychiatry, Mr. Nevins finds that Governor Wise did not justify his name. Instead of giving the prisoner the prestige of a martyr, he should, as Nevins believes, have had him sent to the Virginia state lunatic asylum.

The progress of Mr. Nevins volume by volume is impressively sustained. Scholarly accessories (maps, charts, illustrations, tables, informative appendices, and bibliography) are well handled. The style, always invitingly readable, abounds in passages of pictorial description, brisk narrative, and dramatic portrayal.

J. G. Randall is author of "Lincoln the President" and other books.

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Clay Feet in Capitol Corridors

THE TRUMAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. By Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon. New York: Vanguard Press. 502 pp. $3.50.

By Bert Andrews

—*Jacket design for the book.*

On the merry-go-round, in the usual order, Justice Frankfurter, Mrs. Mesta, Vice President Barkley, Secretary Acheson, General Bradley, ex-Secretary Johnson; seated on the base of the merry-go-round is Harry Vaughan; in front is HST, with Senators McCarthy and Taft looking on disdainfully.

ON THE basis of the first two chapters of "The Truman Merry-Go-Round" the Republican Party would be entitled to scream with glee and to put in an order for a couple of million copies to be used as anti-Democratic material in the current political campaign. But in the subsequent chapters the authors, Robert S. Allen and William V. Shannon, get around to belting Republicans as hard as they do the Democrats in Chapters One and Two. So for the politicians the book is something of a Mexican stand-off. For the reader it is a volume which is chock-full of information, misinformation, venom, and treacle about the men and the institutions that go to make up the always confused and confusing city which the radio commentators always refer to as The Nation's Capital.

It is entertaining. It is interesting. But it should be taken with a large grain of salt, and if the grain of salt could be described in words, the words would be: "How could any two men know so many people so well as to pass pontifical judgment on them in such unqualified language?" For, from the wording, the average reader would be justified in thinking that every target was either an intimate of Allen and Shannon or had been viewed by them through a yet-to-be-invented televising mechanism which allowed them to study every move without the victim's knowledge.

The answer for the lay reader is that the authors did not, of course, have any such means of getting the inside dope on the scores of people they pilloried or praised. Instead, they have recorded their personal opinions about men and women on the basis of what they know, what they have heard, and what they have read, using a technique first made famous in "Washington Merry-Go-Round," written in 1931 by Drew Pearson and Mr. Allen.

The technique, to begin with, is to say that almost everything in Washington is lousy and that almost everyone in Washington has feet of clay —feet so big that sometimes they extend up into the brain cells. The technique, to continue, is to praise a few individuals, for the most part men and women who are liberals in the view of Messrs. Allen and Shannon, which does something, but not much, to soften the general thesis that the country is going to hell in a wheelbarrow.

Observers who have tried to make as sincere a study of the Washington scene as have Messrs. Allen and Shannon would be inclined to think that the picture in Washington is neither as dark as the authors make it when they use their black paint nor as bright and shining as they depict it on the few occasions they use their white paint for some individuals. It is somewhere in between.

The first two chapters in the book—"The Making of a President" and "The White House Gang"—are the most vigorous portions of the book and the ones that give aid and comfort to the Republicans.

The first chapter really gives Harry Truman a going over such as no President has had in recent history. The authors hit the theme by taking issue with all of the other historians of the Washington scene who have stated that Truman did not want the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1944. The authors say: "One myth connected with it [the Truman nomination] should certainly be dispelled. This is the fiction that Truman received the nomination with no effort on his part and that, indeed, he took it with considerable reluctance and regret. Actually, he battled for it furiously and, in his way, very effectively." The authors do not give any sources for this information but merely state it on their own. They may be right, but thus far they are a minority of two.

While they damn the President for his "inherently limited talents," for being "neither a distinguished administrator nor an adroit politician," and for lacking the high-level salesmanship required for effective modern politics, they concede that he is "a strong and likely candidate to succeed himself in 1952," explaining: "The country likes him because he is a decent, likable person and because the opposition is bankrupt."

Chapter Two, on "The White House Gang," is an appraisal of the men around the President. John R. Steelman, the assistant to the President, takes an awful beating—far worse a beating than he deserves, in the opinion of this critic. Averell Harriman comes out well. So does Clark Clifford, who used to be around the President. Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan does not. Sample quote: "That anyone as gross and blatant as Vaughan should be an inner member of the President's staff is a devastating commentary on the intellectual level of this Administration." The book's summation of the whole White House crowd is:

> The Truman gang is an extraordinary group, unparalleled in the history of the White House. Never was there such a large, weirdly assorted, and variegated crew, and never one which ran so instinctively and unerringly to the banal and the second-rate. . . . The worst thing about the Truman gang is their complacency, their lush sense of self-satisfaction, and their utter lack in any sense of moral commitments, personal urgency, or intellectual fervor.

The Republicans will say amen to that.

Messrs. Allen and Shannon are less convincing when they switch to discussions of the Cabinet, the House of Representatives (they call it "The Monkey House"), the Senate (they call it "The Higher Primates"), and other topics ranging from Washington cocktail parties to the Supreme Court and the Pentagon.

Some parts of these chapters read too much like assignments on individuals done at space rates in a hurry, with anecdotes and gossip used as substitutes for true knowledge. But a lot of the anecdotes are good and the book is one that should be widely read—but always with the cautionary instruction that some of its information should be checked against other volumes and that no two men could possibly know as much about so many people and so many subjects as Messrs. Allen and Shannon imply that they do.

Bert Andrews is author of "The Washington Witch Hunt."

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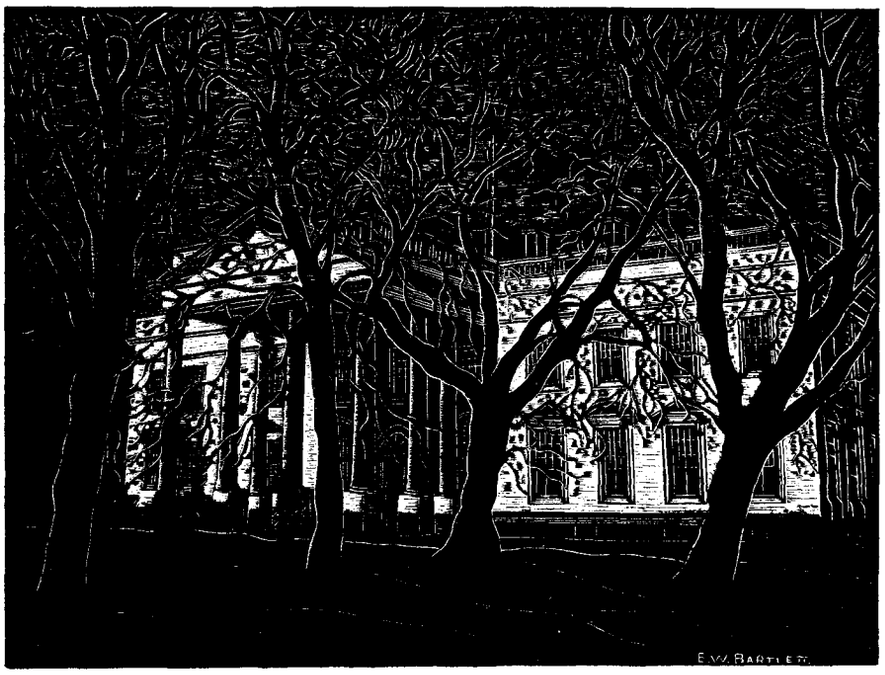

Court Jester at the White House

PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE KNOWN ME. By George E. Allen. New York: Simon & Schuster. 254 pp. Cloth, $3. Paper, $1.

By Robert S. Allen

NOT SINCE another fat politician, who also loves race horses and a good joke, told all or nearly all, has the country had such a frank look at behind-the-scenes politics as is presented in George E. Allen's "Presidents Who Have Known Me."

The other fat politician was California's superlobbyist, Artie Samish, who about a year ago, in an amazingly candid manner, revealed how he runs the state government. To accompany the eye-popping text, Samish accommodatingly posed for an equally extraordinary picture of himself with a dummy on his knee labeled "Mr. Legislature." No one sued. Months later the California Legislature did finally get around to making a gesture. This consisted of passing a resolution barring Samish "forever" from the legislative corridors. That was even funnier than Samish's photo because he never bothers to go to the State House. He doesn't have to. The legislators come to him in his hotel room across the street.

George Allen is in no danger of being barred from anything for what he reveals. He is smart. He very carefully avoids claiming any influence. In fact, he works hard to prove he is wholly without influence. The first half of the book is largely devoted to reasserting Allen's claim to his favorite role as court jester. He relates many anecdotes and jokes, some of them prime reading.

At times it is difficult to tell when the author is serious or being funny. This is not wholly disingenuous on his part. Allen has worked long and hard at perfecting this pose. The effort has paid off very handsomely. In this book it has produced a tract that should be required reading in every political science course in the country. This is unvarnished practical politics as is rarely dished out by the practitioners. For example:

In one of his straight-faced passages this intimate of President Truman remarks, "Fortunately our constitutional system, which is about as badly designed as it could be to cope with modern problems, doesn't work the way it is supposed to, the way our Founding Fathers thought it would, and the way the textbooks say it does. . . . Its elaborate system of checks and balances has been modified in practice to permit reasonably rapid adjustment to changing needs."

To illustrate this moral, Allen then relates his highly intriguing version of how Truman was substituted for Henry Wallace as Vice-Presidential candidate at the fateful 1944 convention. Even those who agree completely with Allen that the election of Wallace would have meant national disaster will find his story astonishing. Here is a sample of what's in store:

> The Sir Galahad of the righteous band that set out to beat Wallace was Ed Pauley. He was the Knight with the shiniest armor and the sharpest spear. The trouble with Pauley was that he didn't—and still doesn't—cloak his aspiration and projects with fancy enough words. He talks about the anti-Wallace movement as a conspiracy and his associates in it as fellow conspirators. Moreover, he admits that he is a millionaire and that he made a lot of money by speculative plunging into commodity markets immediately after the war. . . .

Allen goes on to relate that Pauley was the original Wallace axer and that for more than a year before the 1944 convention he toured the country mobilizing opposition to Wallace. Everywhere Pauley went, ostensibly to collect funds for the Roosevelt campaign, he primed local leaders to tell the President that Wallace would be a fatal handicap.

> Then [continues Allen jovially] Pauley made a deal with General Pa Watson . . . to clear the way for anti-Wallace Democrats to see Roosevelt when in Washington and to block the way for pro-Wallace Democrats on one pretext or another. Meanwhile Pauley himself made the most of every opportunity to report on the extent and virulence of the anti-Wallace sentiment at the grass roots.

This and other equally revealing details should make many convention delegates wonder just how important they really are at these affairs. Even Allen's many jokes and anecdotes have a special significance. These are the stories that our highest public figures exchange among themselves as "humor." Allen admits that Roosevelt didn't laugh at most of these tales and as a result Allen didn't think as well of Roosevelt as he does of Truman.

But just as many a true word is spoken in jest, so much new light is shed on Washington by the court jester, and the net impression may not be as funny as he confidently expects.

> I am a little ashamed [says Allen] to confess that petty corruption doesn't shock me very much, because in my cynical middle age I have come to think of it as inevitable. If I were shocked by evils I consider inevitable, I wouldn't like myself, my fellow men, or the world I live in, and that would leave me in a most unpleasant predicament. I shall concede at once my moral inferiority to my youthful self and proceed to tell you how evil I and my contemporaries are, without bothering to apologize for it as I go along. So I ask the sensitive reader to hold onto his hat while I tell him the plain truth: that juice, by other names, also is used in Washington, seat of the greatest democracy the world has ever known.

Allen denies that he is a "juice" man himself—in other words, that he

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Jane—& a Fig for Jena

A Classic Revalued

ALAN DENT

AH, JANE, Jane! As the Fool at the very end of "Twelfth Night" has it, "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges"; and here we are in 1950 (and the years leading up to it) praising you for a virtue which a hundred (and even fifty) years ago we deemed to be a crying fault. This is the fact that in your novels you almost entirely ignore the harsh and martial background of history against which you and your characters move and have your being.

Miss Austen was born in 1775 and died in 1817. For half of her life England was itself at war, and for many years in the same period England lived under a perpetual fear of invasion from France. In her childhood and girlhood there were the horrors of the Revolution in France. When she was twenty-two and engaged in writing "Northanger Abbey" Lord Nelson was engaging the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile. In the year in which she sold that book to a publisher the Irish Rebellion under Robert Emmet was exciting attention and concern. In the year following Napoleon and Josephine were crowned by the Pope in Paris, and Spain declared war against Great Britain. Around the same time the battles of Trafalgar, Austerlitz, Jena, Marengo, and Hohenlinden were fought, and in 1806 Napoleon declared England to be in a state of blockade. Jane has no mention of Jena.

While the Peninsular War dragged on the delay in publishing "Northanger Abbey" dragged similarly. While Moscow burned in 1812 Jane was engaged in burning preparation of "Pride and Prejudice" for the press. Just before Napoleon was deposed Jane was embarking upon "Emma." Just before "Emma" was finished news of Napoleon's escape from Elba shook the world, and before her new book's publication Waterloo had been fought and Napoleon had been banished to St. Helena. In Jane's six novels the intimations of these world shocks are microscopic and negligible. The sole reference to Trafalgar is the information, supplied in a parenthesis, that Admiral Croft, who became the tenant of Kellynch Hall in "Persuasion," was "in the Trafalgar action." The unique reference to Waterloo, in the unfinished novel called "Sanditon," is the possibility that a crescent of houses in a new seaside town might possibly be named after it.

Vastly apropos are the remarks of a French scholar, Professor Emile Legouis:

> How narrow indeed the circle within which Jane Austen moved, and today how obsolete! A small, sheltered community in the midst of perturbation, which seemed impervious to the rumor of the world at large. No social upheaval was yet suspected there. The new industrial rise in the North had not made itself felt in the quiet agricultural regions of the South. A few genteel, generally well-to-do families, with squire and victor at the summit, made up a close society of their own, exclusively composed of gentlemen and ladies. It had its moral code, its ideal of good manners. It did not admit of any contamination with inferior beings, like farmers and tradesmen, scarcely of a passing and condescending acquaintance with lawyer or surgeon.

Such was Jane Austen's little world, which looks and sounds so obsolete (and from the modern viewpoint so deplorable) and which persists in a curious way in being eternal (and from the literary viewpoint so delightful). The young girls in her day would seem at a glance to have hardly anything in common with those of today. They did not read Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," published in 1792, and when they heard of it dismissed it as an eccentric challenge. They had not the slightest interest in politics or in social reform. They neither did nor could aspire to become doctors of medicine or law, or anything more professional than a governess. Certain subjects were beyond their ken as being unwomanly, and natural instincts were beyond their comment as being unladylike. Then how is it—it may be asked—that Jane Austen's heroines are still universally recognized as lifelike types of true femininity, and not dismissed as conventional portraits of a bygone day—as outmoded as Georgian bonnets, shawls, sleeves, and petticoats?

The answer is that Jane has the secret of universality. Though she nowhere rebels against her limited circle's code, she keeps a sharply critical and liberal mind within that circle. She admires sincerity and unselfishness; she aims her witty satire at everything that has a tinge of intrigue, avarice, and hyprocrisy.

MOREOVER, it becomes clear—if we take a little thought and see beyond the superficial—that Jane's characters, especially her young women, remain utterly true in essence. It is no less certain that between 1800 and 1950 the hearts of young maids have *not* evolved to the point of abolishing love and jealousy, hope and fear, expectation and disappointment. Smiles and blushes are still extant. Protestations of affection are still penned without logic and sent secretly by mail, and answers are still feverishly awaited, despaired of, and received and opened with rapture, and read in ecstasy or dismay. The centuries and their holocausts, the sciences and their revelations, cannot change these elementary

(*Continued on page* 35)

In Print

MOST recent in a long history of complete Jane Austen collections are a two-volume set just published by Random House ($5) and a six-volume set brought out by Dutton ($15). Earlier editions of Jane's six celebrated novels range from the one-volume Modern Library Giant ($2.45) to the five-volume scholarly edition of R. W. Chapman ($12.50). Individual novels are available separately from many publishers.

"Only a novel" . . . in short, only some work in which the greatest powers of the mind are displayed, in which the most thorough knowledge of human nature, the happiest delineation of its varieties, are conveyed to the world in the best chosen language.
—"NORTHANGER ABBEY."

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Dilemma of the Young Novelist

YOU MAY draw any conclusion you please from the decline in the sales of novels over the last year. You can find evidence of this lack of interest in recent fiction by running your eyes along the shelves of any well-stocked bookstore, for, unless you are an omnivorous reader, you will be likely to find that there are not many titles you care to investigate, outside of the well-publicized established successes you have been intending to read. The permanence on the lists of best sellers week after week of a half dozen or so novels which refuse to be pushed off by the newcomers is another evidence of the failure of newer books to attain any continued hold on the public.

This situation, to be sure, will be radically altered as the strongest of the publishers' new fall novels appear. Mr. Hemingway's latest, whatever its merits, last week took the place of Mr. Robinson's "The Cardinal" at the top, where it has roosted for two or three months. John Hersey's "The Wall," which had occupied that place for a long time, may give way to one of the two Italian novels which have recently climbed half-way up, while Waltari's "The Egyptian," a favorite for most of the year, will doubtless give up its place to the author's latest novel, "The Adventurer," which has as much sex and glamour and historical pageantry as his preceding book. Further evidence of lack of interest in 1950's fiction can be found in *Publishers' Weekly*'s fall announcement number, which says, "Categories which have been and continue to be strong include juveniles particularly, religious books, some back lists, serious nonfiction, and fiction by the best-known authors. Fiction generally, especially of the lighter variety, has been slow."

Today the novelist has to compete with contemporary history and biography, which offer the forceful plots, the violence, and drama which should belong to the province of fiction. It would be difficult to find a more compelling Kafkaesque story, for example, than Alistair Cooke's account of the Alger Hiss case, "A Generation on Trial," Quentin Reynolds's "Courtroom," or Owen Lattimore's "Ordeal by Slander." What tale of adventure can compare with Thor Heyerdahl's thrilling account in "Kon-Tiki" of crossing the Pacific on a raft, or what recent war novel can compete with General Eichelberger's "Our Jungle Road to Tokyo"? When it comes to fiction dominated by a single character, it would be hard to beat Lee Miller's "The Story of Ernie Pyle" or Jonathan Daniels's "The Man of Independence," which is not only excellent political history but is more fascinating to read than any "little man, what now?" story written in recent times. For the last three months even the newspapers have competed in interest with the best fiction, for millions have avidly read the harrowing accounts of defeat and victory in Korea—the most thoroughly and honestly reported war in history.

The American novelists have been in part responsible for this obvious lack of interest in their work. They have been attacked vigorously by critics and daily book reviewers for the tenacity with which they presented the most worthless and depraved characters in the midst of the most sordid scenes. They have been excused for their misanthropy and blindness to what was going on in their own country and to the slow regeneration of Western Europe on the ground that they were, after all, products of a depression and a world war. The ivory towers in which they chose to live were crumbling ruins on the edge of a nauseating swamp. "They have been writing," to quote from Orville Prescott, "about less and less happening to weaker and weaker people." To use the words of a young writer who has recently recanted, "I imagined myself a paragon of misery and rebellion; my ultimate aim in life was to be an ulcer in the stomach of society. I cut myself off from the mainsprings of life so that nothing I could say mattered."

For many of these younger men the end has been only too apparent. However forcefully or brilliantly they have written, the public has passed them by. They have been able to dramatize neuroticism and frenzied violence, but they have not been able to create characters familiar to the public. A recent poll by national critics in *The Saturday Review* on current books clearly illustrates the dilemma of the young novelist. Seven works of fiction were nominated five or more times. Among the seven there were two from Italy, two from England, and one from Norway. The only Americans in this select group were Faulkner and Hemingway.

MOST of our fiction writers have failed in another way. They seem to have been totally incapable of presenting love between man and woman in any other terms than eroticism and psychiatry. The women in their books have become monstrous stereotypes, bearing little resemblance to the girls and women who are to be seen falling in love, marrying, producing babies, and taking care of their families, or working in the offices and factories of the land. As they have failed to evaluate the broader aspects of American life, the revival of the South, the prodigious growth of the West, the new wealth on farms, and our vast industrial expansion, so they have failed to recognize the development of what might well be called "the new American woman." They seem to be completely unaware that a remarkable feminine revolution has been in progress for the last few years.

In a recent and somewhat lyrical article Sylvia Porter, a young expert on economics and finance, has announced this phenomenon. "A great social and economic revolution has come to America," she writes. "To the astonishment of the prophets, we didn't rush back to the kitchen after the last world war. . . . Altogether some eighteen millions of us are working today. . . . To the amazement of the census takers the working wife outnumbers her single sister by seven to five in a complete reversal of all historical patterns in our land."

Though it would seem to be the function of the writer to be aware of what is going on about him, you may examine the recent novels, and you will not find the slightest reflection of this significant change, which is altering not only the lives of millions of men and women but their attitudes toward each other. In their constant and finally boring exhibition of the American female as licentious, neurotic, or as greedy for power, they have been guilty of removing themselves from the world of reality. They cannot produce a vital American literature until they have examined the world that lies about them and until they have found another word for human love than lust. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Spiritual Front

Chard Powers Smith

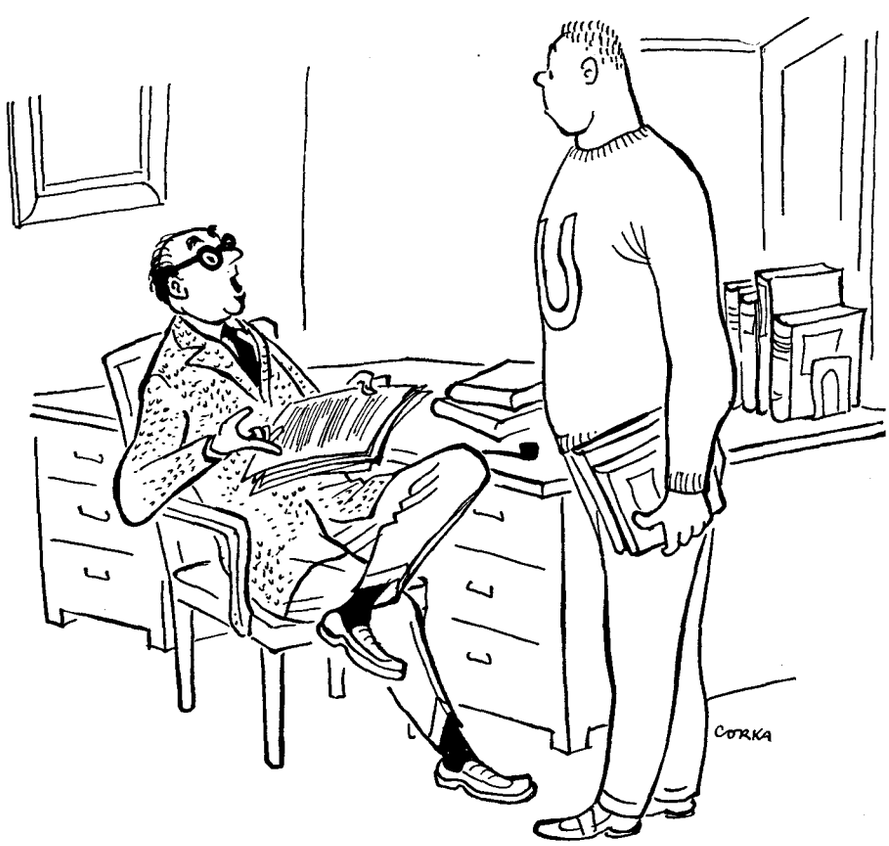
SIR: In "The Two Fronts" [*SRL* Aug. 12] John Mason Brown pointed out truly that a knowledge of the cause we are defending against the Russians is as important as the physical victory, that the spiritual front must be maintained as courageously as the physical front. Having made this healthy pronouncement, Mr. Brown proceeded to vitiate it with a word of apology to the common-sense materialists. All he really meant was that we must keep the spiritual front in mind. Obviously, the real and first thing we must do is whip the enemy. It is folly to read a book while the house is burning. First save the house, and leave till afterwards the consideration whether it is worth saving.

Because of its pleasing half-truth this is surely more dangerous doctrine than frank materialism, the honest pursuit of power. Surely, if we still attach any value at all to the spiritual, the imaginative, the intellectual, the esthetic, the literary tradition, surely if any of these words still mean anything they mean more than the physical victory. Among their vocabularies indeed there are found ancient truisms to the effect that sometimes the real and human values may be impaired by the outward battle. If mankind is worth the long trouble of his evolution, past and future, it is always more important to know the cause the war represents than it is to win it. If a choice must be made, it is better to read—specifically to write—the book than to save the house, better to lose the war knowing what we are fighting for than to win it in a vacuum of understanding filled with whistles and ticker tape.

It is so important for us to know clearly what we are fighting for that this time the creative writers should perhaps do nothing but create, that is, observe and name. It is perhaps time to forego the luxury of going to the fronts on journalistic missions. The trained newspapermen will do those jobs better anyway. All the creative writers will accomplish in attempting them is to shadow over, even eclipse, their special eyesight, whose observations are more revealing and more enduring than any perspicuous accounts of horror. They should even forego the practical and comfortable patriotism of serving on local boards and national alphabets. Every creative writer knows that by the degree of his external and virtuous activity his internal stature and usefulness are reduced. He knows that he cannot serve Thor and Odin. It is perhaps time the creative writers forewent the pleasant pretense of being plain citizens and good fellows, time they sat down with their navels and their gods and shut out the sound of the shooting and their neighbors' whispers.

If creative writers are once more to become of consequence in the culture, they must first revolt against divers schools and subschools that have flourished in the last forty years of social irresponsibility. They must turn back the taboo which, but for the lapse into pink consciousness in the Thirties, has remained to keep our literary landscape small. Foregone must be the gay loftiness of art for its own sake which piled the saucers at The Dome in the Twenties and trickles down to date in the scholasticism of the New Criticism. Foregone must be the silly shibboleth—promulgated especially by writers with independent means—that writing is a craft whose object is to make money. Foregone must be the comfortable decadence of the Maughamian edict that the purpose of writing is to entertain. If our weary culture is to resume or remake a meaning which can resist the infantile enthusiasm of the Barbarians, all this scented triviality must be discarded. Creative writers must abandon the parti-colored role of forty years—part schoolman, part photographer, part advertiser, part exquisite, and part clown. They must become serious and objective again, and say again to the whole population the brave things for which they know they will be abused—Whittier, Whitman, Emerson, Melville, Robinson, Crane. They must become people of the very kind they have most delighted to condemn, teachers, preachers, intellectual aristocrats who assume the dangerous prerogative of leadership instead of lolling in the irresponsibility that excuses itself by misassuming that an unled and debased public taste is a necessary ingredient of democracy.

Talking with many conscientious young men who fought the last war, I find that most had a good understanding of the evils of the slave system they were resisting, but that none had a clear and passionate perception of the affirmative meaning of his own culture, for which he risked his life and saw his friends butchered. So among the boys who will fight the forthcoming war. Already they are rich in understanding of the slave system of the enemy, but I have yet to find one with a clear and convinced understanding of the great and meaningful words of his own tradition—freedom, democracy, equality, and the rest. They will do the job because they must, and their vestigial impulse to faith finds expression in a sickly fatalism. The record does not show this to have been the common state of the Revolutionary or Civil War soldiers before, during, or after their ordeals, though their sufferings were greater than those of soldiers today. The vast preponderance of them knew the meaning of their country and believed emotionally in the freedom for which they fought. This modern void of the soul, this paralysis of the mind, got its start in World War I, and it is now the generic disease of the young. It seems a ghoulish and a subhuman thing to ask those who live in this inner twilight to quit the outer sunlight early and in agony and without belief. Their awakening, their introduction into full human aspiration, comprise the assignment of the creative writers today. There is the spiritual



"This term paper is excellent, Bullard. Who's writing your stuff this semester?"

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front, and it is more important than the military one. Whether they like it or not, the novelists and the poets are among its field officers and generals. Whether they want it or not, they will be entitled, after success or failure, to the credit or the blame.

CHARD POWERS SMITH.

Cornwall, Conn.

More Than a Five-Cent Cigar

SIR: For sheer joy my heart skipped many beats as I read Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Indispensable Century" [*SRL* Sept. 2] — another ringing challenge to all sponsors of the obscure or the shoddy in prose or verse. What our country needs far more than any five-cent cigar is a rebirth of high regard for clarity, correctness, and forcefulness in expression; and to have Joseph Wood Krutch come out boldly on the side of the angels is most heartening. The modernist versifier who flings in the face of readers a bundle of inane obscurities labeling it "originality" and the careless writer of prose who slings words together recklessly deserve to be brought to taw. It is high time that more editors and more able critics join forces in a crusade for better English.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

"Behind the Flying Saucers"

SIR: Very recently I was reading a well-known author's admonition to his audience. In short he said, "If you like what I've written, tell me so." Too long I have postponed telling you that I like the stand you seem to take against medievalism. The particular stimulus for this letter is Roland Gelatt's review anent the flying saucer book ["In a Saucer from Venus," *SRL* Sept. 23]. I like his statement to the effect that there *may* be such things but, whether there are or not, this is not the way to go about a discussion of the subject.

DAVID M. BURRELL.

Freeport, Ill.

SIR: The errors in Frank Scully's book on the flying saucers do crowd close upon each other, and Mr. Gelatt could well have pointed to any of several dozen. He prides himself on discovering that Scully lists the planets in reverse order from the sun. It seems incredible that a man of intelligence could read the sentence "The size and position of these planets has not been upset by anybody in a long time," and then take in all seriousness the inverted list which follows.

In spite of the book's fantastic statements, numerous confusions, and bantering style, I first began to suspect that I was well along on a Scully Sleighride on page 40, where the much-praised Silas Newton suggests that an extra push button can be used to stop an about-to-be invented artificial leg from walking off ahead of its wearer. Says Scully, "It gave me a clew to the practicality and sweep of his mind." To the reader this is but one of many clews to follow, indicating that he is confronted not with a hoaxer, who would have kept a straight face and checked his scientific facts, but with a jokester.

Scully may feel that his attempts at satire and humor entitle him to the "serious review" he asked of the *SRL*. In any event, he can only be admired for pulling off a profitable stunt, and Mr. Gelatt is more to be pitied than censored—but Holt, the real villain in the piece, has made off with $2.75 in hard cash, and that is not soon forgiven.

S. C. FLORMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Roland Gelatt's review of "Behind the Flying Saucers" hits the nail right on the head and exposes for what it is the newest trend of "scientific writing."

DANIEL ILGNER.

New York, N. Y.

One of Those Bleeding Hearts?

SIR: What sort of chap is Norman Cousins? He reminds me of one of those bleeding hearts. His journalism is that old stand-by of thinking up "moral crusades" for the sake of circulation!

I never knew a "do-gooder" who had any great sagacity or insight into human nature or truths or who had any real literary merit.

Where did N.C. get the idea that our national welfare or international policy must be based on humanitarianism? Subsidizing farmers and protecting workmen was a devised economic change to stop the old "boom and bust economics" of the Republicans. It seems to work.

JAMES NIELD.

Highland Park, Ill.

Can't We Do Something?

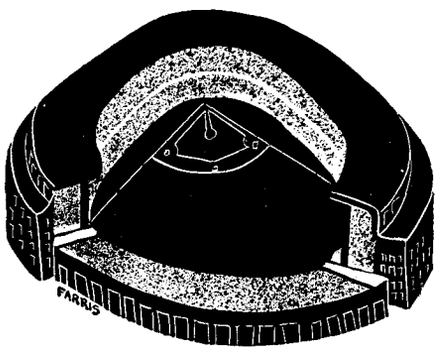
SIR: I should like to make an appreciative comment on Harrison Smith's fine editorial "Men Imbued with History" [*SRL* Sept. 16]. His statement "War is not inevitable if we use all of our wisdom and our energies to prevent it" must surely be endorsed by practically the entire reading and thinking friends of *The Saturday Review*. Well, then, can't we do something more than to read and approve? My suggestion is that all of us who feel that something should be done to bring order to the world join with the organization which has gone so far towards bringing about a strengthening of the United Nations, namely, the United World Federalists.

HELEN HUNT ALLEN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"No Way Out"

SIR: ". . . This movie made me uncomfortable" appears to me to be the key to Hollis Alpert's review of "No Way Out" [*SRL* GOES TO THE MOVIES, *SRL* Sept. 2]. To be quite honest, Mr. Alpert's review made *me* uncomfortable, appearing as it does in a magazine as enlightened and liberal as *The Saturday Review*.



Mr. Alpert objects to the realism with which "No Way Out" portrays what has happened ten thousand times in the United States to Negroes at the hands of psychotic bigots. He pleads for "intelligence and subtlety."

In my book "intelligence and subtlety" have been used to cloak and sugarcoat what "No Way Out" has uncovered. As a result, far too many Americans, as the Korean war and anti-American feeling in Asia and Africa have revealed, don't know the facts about mob violence and thus have done little or nothing to stop it.

As one who has seen in real life inhuman passions even more revolting than those in "No Way Out" that made Mr. Alpert uncomfortable, I disagree strongly with his criticism of the film. I wonder what would have happened to his stomach had he been with me when I investigated a lynching in Georgia some years ago of an eight-months-pregnant Negro mother who had committed the crime of crying out in her grief that her recently lynched husband was innocent? Or if he had been with me in Detroit as policemen directed Negroes into the hands of mobs who slew their victims with incredible bestiality? I saw no "intelligence and subtlety" on those and other occasions.

Mr. Alpert treads sound ground when he says that discrimination in hiring and housing is more widespread than the violence set off by psychotics like Ray Biddle, played so brilliantly by Richard Widmark in "No Way Out." But one of the reasons "well-adjusted housewives" won't live on the same street with a Negro family is because of the same kind of poison which makes less well-adjusted Americans join lynching mobs.

I do wish Mr. Alpert had a little stronger stomach so that he could have been more objective in his appraisal of "No Way Out" and understood the need of such pictures to make Americans generally uncomfortable enough to do something about the disease of prejudice.

WALTER WHITE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I am sincerely regretful that Mr. White has chosen to see my review as unenlightened and illiberal. It does seem to me that fundamentally we stand for the same things, and that our only real point of difference involves the effectiveness with which Hollywood has treated Negro prejudice in "No Way Out." I still feel that Hollywood is "ducking its responsibilities when it insists upon casting its problem films in sheerly melodramatic terms."

I agree with Mr. White that the need for pictures dealing with prejudice is unmistakable; my only concern is that they be as effective as possible.

HOLLIS ALPERT.

New York, N. Y.

The Acre Trick

SIR: Why is it that the kiss of death for any group or party in any unorganized country trying to claw its way out of postwar chaos is to find itself supported by the U. S.? "Too Late to Save Asia?," by Wolf I. Ladejinsky [*SRL* July 22] and Edgar

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Snow's letter [*SRL* Aug. 26] tell clearly why we are taking a beating in Korea and China, why we lost out in Rumania and Bulgaria, why we will lose out everywhere—Greece, Iran, Italy, Indo-China, India—unless we gear our policies to reality.

Headline readers in our country may be excused, perhaps, for failing to understand the mistake we are making in Asia. We are and have been backing the wrong horses in country after country. By supporting the feudal landlords and usurers we are following the one sure way of driving the strength of those countries into the Communist camp. Stalin must indeed be laughing at us as a pack of stupid fools. He "promises" the Koreans land. We offer them "democracy," with the right of the secret ballot. A hungry peasant who farms two acres, then gives 70 per cent of the crop to the landlord, is making what can only be considered an intelligent decision when he chooses a deed to his two acres from Stalin instead of a vague right to vote from Mr. Truman.

We are now embarked on an armament and aid program to cost, as a beginning, fifty billion dollars. How much of this fifty billion would it take if we went into, say, Korea (when the shooting is over), bought up the land, and gave it to the natives?

Land, that's the answer. Just an acre or two per family would do the trick. Americans who have been living in those countries have been telling us that for years. How much longer will it take for this simple solution to penetrate the Administration brass?

FRANK R. YOUNG.

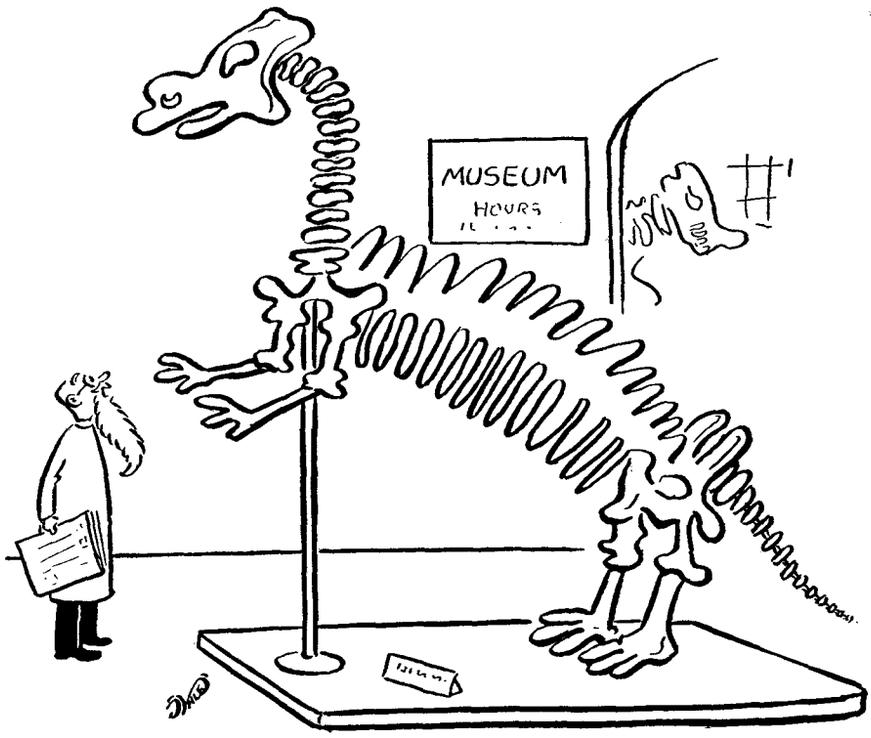
Idyllwild, Calif.

A Reservoir Almost Exhausted

SIR: David Cohn's "Inventory of America" [*SRL* Aug. 26] is, unfortunately, an all-too-accurate summing-up of our faults and follies. I read it with satisfaction as well as shame because it expressed so many of my own thoughts and concerns.

As an American living abroad, working as an international civil servant, and trying to be a "world citizen," I find myself in a fine quandary because of my country's faults: I am torn between feeling obliged to defend America against her critics and being unable to do so because I am fully aware of the justification for most of the criticism. It's somewhat like having to defend a relative for whom one would just as soon disclaim responsibility. The analogy applies in another way, too: criticism within the family is often acceptable, but criticism from outsiders is a bit hard to take.

Our two most blatant and serious faults, immaturity and hypocrisy, are a cause for concern to many thinking Europeans as well as Americans. Even those who are "partisans" of America and who realize that a nation as young as ours can't be expected to act with as much wisdom as its "elders"—that a sixteen-year-old just doesn't behave like a sixty-year-old—are beginning to be not only exasperated but also fearful. The "reservoir of good will" of which Wendell Willkie wrote is almost exhausted. The present situation, in which the United States is in possession of power it seems ill prepared to use wisely, is terrifying to those who really bore the brunt of the last two wars.



"How does it feel to be in six crossword puzzles in one week?"

It would probably come as somewhat of a shock to many Americans (the self-righteous ones of whom Mr. Cohn wrote) to learn that the "American Way of Life" is *not* something most Europeans earnestly desire. Recently a European friend told me that he shuddered when he read "Nineteen Eighty-Four" because it made him think what life might be like under Russian domination; now, he added, he finds himself shuddering almost as much when he reads *Time*, which reflects what might be the way of life under American domination. Forced to choose between domination by either of the two great powers, many Europeans would choose America only as the lesser of two evils. Coca-Cola and washing machines are no substitute for competent world leadership; respect is not won by means of chocolate bars, cigarettes, and incredibly bad movies. The nineteen-year-old American Occupation Forces soldier who sits night after night in a Vienna bar, completely drunk and surrounded by prostitutes, is not only losing any faith and idealism he might have had, but is also doing his country irreparable harm. News reports about racial discrimination in the United States, which reach European papers—and not the Communist press alone—, belie our claims to true democracy. Accounts of the activities of our Congress often make European readers wonder if we'll ever outgrow "parish pump politics" and begin to develop breadth of outlook. American advertising, which is accompanying our products all over the world, shows a lack of taste and discretion which is woefully adolescent. Worst of all, the Hollywood version of "life in America," which reaches even the most out-of-the-way places (e.g., the town crier in the small French fishing village where I am announced a cinema featuring "La Blonde Incendiare"), propagates misconceptions innumerable.

At home and abroad America is revealing an immaturity which gives little hope of our being able to cope with a world tottering on the brink of destruction. If another major conflict develops, the fault will be largely ours—because, instead of practising the democracy we claim to believe in, we allowed racial discrimination and indulged in political witch-hunting; because, instead of displaying the same interest in winning the peace as we did in winning the war, we were more concerned with getting back to "business as usual"; because, instead of striving for international cooperation and understanding, we listened to the "drop-a-bomb-on-Russia" boys; because we just didn't grow up in time to learn "to distinguish between bigness and greatness, price and value, success and achievement, a standard of living and a standard of life"; because we weren't mature enough to "defend the faith."

BETTY F. COLE.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Hooray for the Classics

SIR: Congratulations for the article "Our Knight and Windmill," by Harrison Smith [*SRL* Sept. 23] and for your plan to cooperate with the "University of the Air."

ADELLE CLARK.

Commerce, Tex.

SIR: I enthusiastically approve of your proposal to print a series of revaluations of eighteen authors in conjunction with the "University of the Air" and the program "NBC Theatre."

CARL D. BENNETT.

Macon, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers who may wish to enroll in the "University of the Air" should write to* SRL *for the name of the nearest participating school.*

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Belles-Lettres.

Readers have become so accustomed to expecting books to fit into a few familiar types that they are apt to overlook those that defy ready classification. One such volume is the latest edition of James Russell's "The Saturday Book" (see page 28). This annual grab bag of stories, essays, pictures, and poems, a British institution, has no American counterpart, although such publications, designed primarily for Christmas giving, were favorites during the nineteenth century. Perhaps the time is ripe for a revival if an American editor could achieve Mr. Russell's flair. Another literary maverick is "Local Color," a collection of fragments by the peripatetic Truman Capote. . . . The latest manifestation of the current vogue for Sam Clemens is Kenneth R. Andrews's "Nook Farm: Mark Twain's Hartford Circle." A contemporary of Twain is treated in Stella Brewer Brookes's "Joel Chandler Harris: Folklorist."

Clemens & Colony in the Hartford Days

NOOK FARM: Mark Twain's Hartford Circle. By Kenneth R. Andrews. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 288 *pp.* $4.75.

By John T. Winterich

ON SUNDAY, October 1, 1871, Mark Twain brought his bride, Olivia, to Hartford to live. The following Sunday Chicago burned down. Hartford paid the bill. Out at the Nook Farm colony on the edge of town one may be sure that the fire was discussed as eagerly as along Hog River.

The Stowes, the Hookers, the Perkinses, the Warners, the Twichells, and now the Clemenses became a closely integrated group in the Nook Farm development, and their divergences only pointed up the integration. They popped in on each other without ringing doorbells and they divided sharply on the issue of Henry Ward Beecher's guilt or innocence in the Tilton scandal. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Henry's youngest sister, thought he was guilty. At Nook Farm, at least, it was Isabella against the field. When Beecher died fifteen years later, Joe Twichell preached a sermon on his career. Mark Twain did not hear the sermon, but he read it in Charles Dudley Warner's *Courant*, and he wrote Twichell a note:

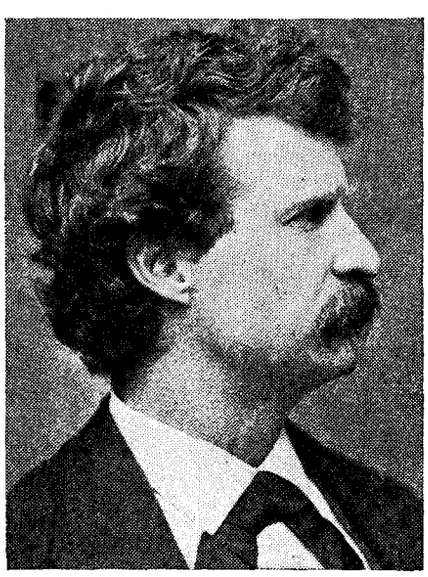
> What a pity—that so insignificant a matter as the chastity or unchastity of an Elizabeth Tilton could clip the locks of this Samson & make him as other men, in the estimation of a nation of Lilliputians creeping & climbing about his shoe-soles.

Joe Twichell comes pretty near to being the hero of this book, which at once takes its place as a contribution of major importance to the swiftly growing bulk of Mark Twain literature. It is a big book in everything but mere word-count. One could wish that Mr. Andrews had left the "circle" out of his title, since the word tends to adumbrate a sequence of literary causeries, tea parties, and evenings at whist. Well, the causeries, tea, and whist are here, since these were civilized people who enjoyed talking and playing and eating, and who earned their eating by writing. But there is more than two-dimensional superficiality here; there are depth, judgment, shrewd and accurate appraisal, and a scholarly detachment that still has room for humor, warmth, and sympathy. The interaction of time, place, and personality are presented with a fluency and lucidity that mask the prodigies of effort wrapped up in the chore of getting the stuff together. For this is compact multiple biography, and the scope of Mr. Andrews's achievement can best be judged not by what he put in, but by what he had to leave out merely to get his pages between covers.

The Mark Twain of Nook Farm was not a roughneck ill at ease in newly polished shoes and necktie. (Once, by oversight, Mark actually did drop in on Harriet Beecher Stowe uncravated; when he got back home Livy notified him of the deficiency, and Mark at once sent his tie over to Mrs. Stowe by butler.) Mark loved the conventionality which Nook Farm offered—a conventionality broad enough to accept Isabella Beecher's spiritualism along with Mark's own rejection of Christianity—broad enough, too, to run up bills it had trouble meeting. The Hartford years were the years in which Mark Twain built a $70,000 house stocked with $21,000 worth of furniture on land worth $31,000. They were also the years in which he got his foot caught in that egregious mantrap the Paige typesetting machine. Someday every cobbler will stick to his last, and biographical writing will lose much of its excitement.

The book bristles with parsons—parsons that any community and any faith would be proud to own. Mr. Andrews soundly notes that Mark Twain never met a minister he did not like. In 1867 Mark had said in the *Alta California*: "Preachers are always pleasant company when they are off duty." In the West he had taken the initiative, wherever he went, in getting acquainted with the local clergy. In Hartford, and in Joe Twichell, he found the dearest friend he ever owned. Twichell survived by a few weeks the Armistice that ended the First World War—his passing closed the book of Nook Farm, just as it closes Mr. Andrews's.

Of the other male members of the



Mark Twain—"by oversight, uncravated . . . Livy notified him of the deficiency."

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community one's heart goes furthest out to John Hooker, helpmeet, in a most literal sense, of the unpredictable (or too predictable) Isabella Beecher. The tragedy of Isabella's life was not diminished by the ridiculous situations into which her whims often beguiled her. And one's sympathy swells along with one's laughter at sight of the bumbling Calvin Stowe, whose particular purgatory it was to marry a lady who became very famous. Once, carrying a bottle of whiskey prescribed for his mother, the late professor of sacred literature at Andover Theological Seminary tripped on a railroad tie and broke the bottle all over himself. Two Irish section-hands, grinning at each other across him, helped him home. Calvin Stowe was precisely the sort of person a thing like that would happen to. His wife survived him by ten years, existing out her final days in a "dreamy anesthesia" that merged into "a more erratic mindlessness"; she greeted a neighbor, a Civil War veteran, with a cry of "Fred! Fred!"—the son who had come home from the war only to vanish as effectively as any of the unnameable dead.

Mr. Andrews has a warm spot in his heart for Olivia Clemens, and a cold word for her detractors. Livy's pastor in Elmira had been a Beecher—Thomas, youngest of the family, his oldest sister Catherine's junior by twenty-four years. Father Lyman lived to be eighty-eight; his "nine famous children" averaged eighty-four years. The Brontës should have learned how it was done.

Mr. Andrews has brought the microcosm of Nook Farm to vivid life. No Mark Twain, of course, no book, but Mr. Andrews has not allowed Mark to dominate the drama to the exclusion of the other actors. They live their own lives, not Mark's. Not all of them lived so lavishly as he, and no one of them had so fine a house. Not all of them together produced literature on so abundant or so durable a scale, but they all produced something. His sermons aside, one would hardly classify Joe Twichell as an author, yet a checklist of his writings is impressive—and Yale has his Civil War letters and twelve volumes of a diary covering more than half a century.

Mark Twain shut up his Nook Farm home in 1891—it cost too much to keep it up. The Paige monstrosity was responsible for that. Then, in 1894, his publishing business collapsed and bankrupted him. He would not give up the Hartford house, though. He did not give it up until 1902. Hartford had been the home of his maturing and of his aging, alike as man and as writer—the scene of his triumphs, his disasters, his abiding griefs.

Poor Peter Pan Lélian

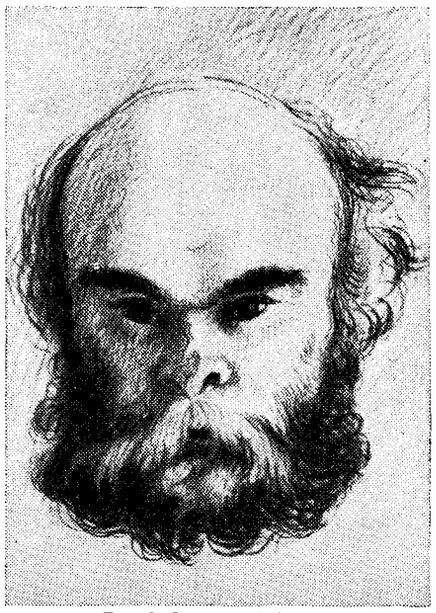
CONFESSIONS OF A POET. By Paul Verlaine. Translated by Ruth Saltzman Wolf and Joanna Richardson. New York: Philosophical Library. 192 pp. $3.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THE FIRST appearance of Verlaine's "Confessions" in English translation comes just about a half-century late. In 1895, when the original Paris edition appeared under the appropriate imprint of the "Librairie du 'Fin de Siècle,'" Verlaine was nearly at the end of his wretched life, but his reputation was at its peak. "Poor Lélian" was, as everybody knew, the greatest French poet of his generation, the greatest Catholic poet since Dante, the greatest poet since Cillon, "the last great French poet." And no visit to Paris was complete without a glimpse of Verlaine, sipping absinthes at his favorite cafe, surrounded by admirers; if one were lucky one might even snag a memorable talk with him.

But, with increasing momentum as the years have sped by, the name of Verlaine recedes, while that of his sometime "hell-mate," Arthur Rimbaud, looms ever larger. The reasons for this reversal in reputation are abundantly clear if one compares these "Confessions" with Rimbaud's "A Season in Hell." True, the comparison is unequal, since Verlaine's autobiography carries the story of his life only as far as the first fatal meeting with Rimbaud, while Rimbaud's extraordinary revelation takes off from a later date into the feverish period of their relationship. But, aside from that, the "Confessions" are as weak as "A Season in Hell" is strong: their style and tone, whether in the original or in this somewhat capricious translation, confirm De Gourmont's verdict that "Verlaine never knew how to write in prose"; above all, they are colored by Verlaine's sentimentality, for, though the author of the "Confessions" declared that "one should welcome strict self-analysis," the fact remains that he was as incapable of this as he was of self-discipline. There is nothing here to compare in understanding of this poet's "complicated, triple and quadruple nature" (De Gourmont's phrase) with Rimbaud's cruelly inspired insight into the personality of Paul Verlaine as revealed in the "Foolish Virgin and Infernal Bridegroom" passages of "A Season in Hell."

What does come through clearly in Verlaine's "Confessions" is the truth of François Coppée's judgment, uttered at Verlaine's funeral, that "he remained a child always." They reinforce the impression that Verlaine's emotional immaturity was at the root both of his disordered existence and his concern in poetry with the shifting mood, the shifting meaning (la nuance), the shifting music of his lines. (The attention span of the child is notoriously short.) For the child is the connoisseur of his own emotions who feels that his sincerity (Verlaine prized sincerity above all else) will sweep away all rebuke.



—*French Press & Information Service.*

Paul Verlaine—"a child always."

At the outset Verlaine asks despairingly, "What has been the use of growing up?"—but the question is singularly irrelevant. From these pages it is easy to see that he clung with tenacious love to his childhood memories: he saw the past through the eyes of the child. Like a child he acted always on impulse, and when the impulse carried him to disaster, as it so often did, he wept like a child. Like a child, too, he could not stay clean very long, nor could he ever doubt that the world (his unfortunate wife included) would forgive him his "errors" as his father and mother and cousin Elise had so readily forgiven him.

The question remains, nevertheless—with the evidence of his haunting music before us—if all this brings us any closer to an understanding of Verlaine's genius. For, to quote Valéry, "As to the ingenuousness of Verlaine and of his art, there is no doubt about the fact that it never existed. His poetry is indeed far from being naive, it being impossible for a true poet to be naive."

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English Potpourri

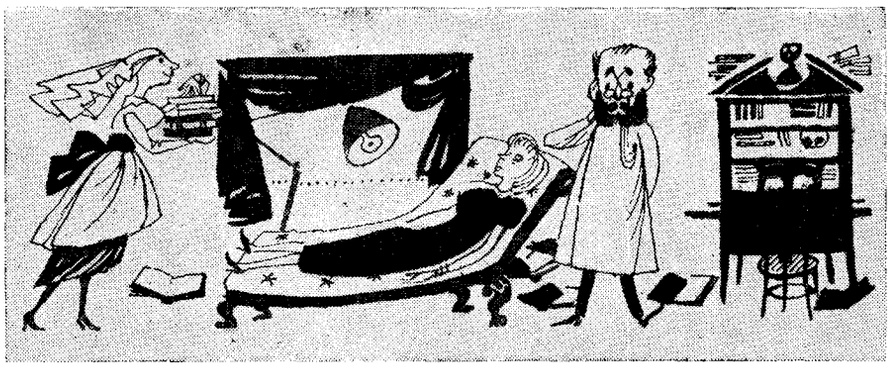
THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by Leonard Russell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 288 pp. $4.

By Pamela Taylor

WHEN one is very young, grab bags and Jack Horner pies at parties are still regarded with unflagging optimism; only repeated disappointments teach that golden expectations are usually deceptive. Leonard Russell has outdone himself in the ninth yearly "Saturday Book," creating a grab bag for adults which will captivate and entertain and could not possibly disappoint anyone. Small wonder that in England this annual treat has come to be considered a national institution.

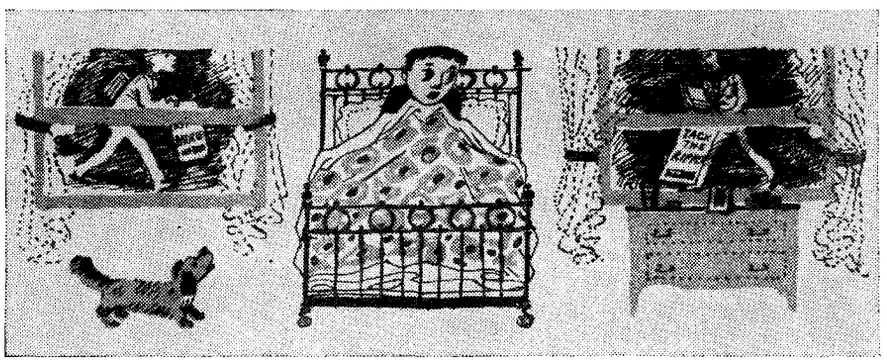
Described on its title page as a "Repository of Curiosities and Looking Glass of Past and Present," "The Saturday Book" is a medley built on the something-for-everyone pattern. It is hard to decide whether Julian Huxley's fascinating account of Petra, with its stunning color plates, or a series of photographs, some in color, of English shop-fronts and the merchandise behind them, is the high point of the book. If you are a collector your eye will surely be caught by an illustrated piece on Toby jugs and by one on "Cricket Gadgets"; if, however, you are a naturalist you will doubtless read Dilys Powell on "Downland Spring," with its engaging photographs of lambs and shepherds first, follow it with Alison Uttley on "Flowers in Buckinghamshire" (there are charming black and white woodcuts for this), and then divide your admiration between a series of photographs of a Siamese cat family and three handsome, full-color reproductions of Edward Lear bird plates, plus one equally fine by Audubon.

If the eighteenth century is your dish there is a most amusing piece on the rakes of that period; the nineteenth century is represented with a biography of Florence Nightingale's pet owl and with an interesting account of Worth, dressmaker to all the crowned heads of Europe (but not Victoria). "The Wisdom of Niels Bohr" and "Mountbatten of Burma" bring the biographies up to our day.



Such conceits as a series of questions (like the game of "Confessions" which children play) answered by Elizabeth Bowen, Ivor Brown, and others; a series of drawings, with explanatory text, of an imaginary "High Street" and its changes (as the taste of its owners and residents changes) from 1750 to 1950; and a series of reproductions in color of favorite paintings from the personal collections of such eminent contemporaries as Dame Edith Evans and the Archbishop of Canterbury, are pleasantly balanced by short stories, essays, drawings, photographs, and poetry (Ogden Nash is found here, at his best) by a varied group of clever and well-known writers and artists.

Put together in one of the gayest and most inviting books of the year, this collection might, indeed, well take care of almost an entire Christmas list.



—Illustrations from "The Saturday Book."

Capote and Places

LOCAL COLOR. By Truman Capote. New York: Random House. 92 pp. $3.50.

By Gouverneur Paulding

MR. CAPOTE, we are told, resents being thought of as a "Southern" writer. Were one uninformed as to his nationality, a reading of "Local Color," his present collection of travel pieces, might incline one to think he was French. For it is the French writer, rather than the American, who has accustomed the reader to accept the slight, short volume. Sometimes it is no more than a plaquette. In it the writer makes use of his letters to his friends, delightedly comments on extracts from his diaries, tells invented anecdotes or places himself at the heart of one, describes neatly a character, a situation, a background that someday he may use in a novel —and imbues the landscape with a pathetic fallacy of his own creation. Mr. Capote employs all these devices. Brooklyn, North Africa, New Orleans, Haiti, Hollywood, Venice, New York, the island of Ischia, and Spain all serve to refract his personality. "Local Color" reminds one of travel notes by Valéry Larbaud or by the Julien Green of the diaries.

This is all to the good. In the past American publishing imposed too many rigid conventions—for instance, as to length. Not long ago it would have been unthinkable to produce such a volume as this—of only ninety-two pages, adorned with photographs (most of them excellent; one or two of them the tritest of double-exposure angle shots) and precious in both senses of the word. It is good that an artist now may impose his own discipline, compose his own little poems in prose, and traveling about, say no more than he wishes. In this collection the new freedom, in a peculiar way and only in detail, is sometimes abused.

It is probably impossible, for instance, for an American or British or French writer to visit Hollywood and, artist or not, come away with anything worth saying. Mr. Capote discovers only that the imagery of Christmas in the California climate is not effective and that some character there cannot recognize a "small, colored Klee lithograph" when he sees one —a major offense that could be committed even in New York. And again, established in Brooklyn, Mr. Capote permits himself this appalling, confidential aside, which he, and the reviewer, places in parenthesis: ("Oh B. do come, I swear to you it takes only forty minutes, and honest you

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don't have to change trains but three times")—but he also finds a hotel there filled with personages left over from "Arsenic and Old Lace" and, like Ernest Poole, he is aware of the harbor and of Walt Whitman, and he accepts the purely literary and arbitrary impression that Brooklyn is a lonely place which lies unresistingly exposed to being described in a flow of easy adjectives unseparated by commas. In New Orleans Mr. Capote opens with a Gothic tale and a corpse hanging in precisely the suitable circumstance. In Tangier he encounters Michael Arlen's and Hemingway's progeny—the British lady aristocrat who has taken to drink, and her playmates. On the island of Ischia he finds "few" foreigners and consequently one admires the self-restraint with which he refrains from mentioning the fact that Wystan Auden often is one of them and has celebrated the island in poems. In Spain he unabashedly reveals that he threw a whole train into a panic.

This sometimes awkward intrusion of self and these little weaknesses perhaps are unavoidable in so personal an appraisal of places. Mr. Capote occasionally uses a too-complicated, over-rich, and fancy rhetoric; at times he misuses with annoying deliberateness the slangy and the familiar. But the places he writes about and the characters are truly composed with the values he desires to give them. Here, undeniably, a conscientious and thoughtful artist is at work—a little too preoccupied still with his Klee lithographs and other unessential and distracting playthings.

Prescience from a Classic Russian

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. Insight, Faith, and Prophecy. By René Fueloep-Miller. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 137 *pp.* $2.

By Ernest J. Simmons

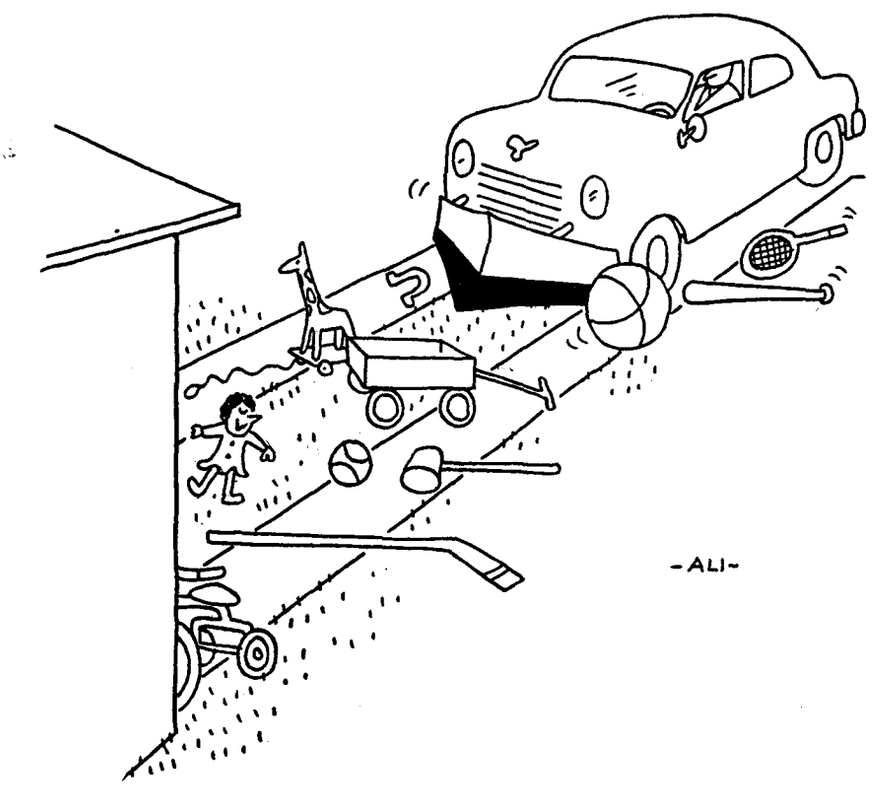
THE fifty-seven pages of Part I of this slender book are dedicated to "Dostoevsky—the Man and His Work." Compression and inclusiveness have been achieved at the expense of clarity. The chronology of the events of Dostoevsky's life is confusing, and the portrait of the author is distorted by excessive emphasis on the few tragic moments and unfortunate failings. However compelling was his life in art, his daily existence after his prison experience was a rather ordinary one. Nor in the hurried review of his works in this brief compass does one obtain a constructive notion of the development of the creative art of Dostoevsky. Much is made of the sublimation of the man, of his sufferings, guilt complex, prejudices, ideas, and spirituality in the great characters and intellectual fabric of his novels. This is always an interesting speculation in the case of Dostoevsky, but it requires the support of much more evidence than is presented here.

In the second part of the book, however, entitled "Dostoevsky's Significance for Our Times," Mr. Fueloep-Miller has made an interesting and important contribution in three chapters dealing with Dostoevsky's place in modern fiction, as a forerunner of psychoanalysis, and as an impressive social and political prophet. In the stream of nineteenth-century realistic fiction Dostoevsky introduced a new dimension—a passionate preoccupation with the souls of his imaginary characters. His conception of the primal struggle between good and evil in man is metaphysical as compared with the materialistic treatment of this theme in the novels of such writers as Stendhal, Balzac, Zola, and Dickens. Among the great realists of the past Dostoevsky's artistic climate is perhaps closer to that of the present in certain important respects. Such characters as Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, Kirillov, and Ivan Karamazov believed that God did not exist and that therefore all things were lawful. In a real sense this is the starting point of existentialism, for, as Jean-Paul Sartre puts it, with the disappearance of God all possibility of finding values in an intelligible heaven has also disappeared.

This same aspect of modernity is reflected in Dostoevsky's striking prophetic utterances, many of which Mr. Fueloep-Miller has carefully culled from the journalistic writings and fiction. The underlying theme of Dostoevsky's novels is the crisis of our civilization, and seventy-five years ago he forecast the crisis of the present-day world more accurately than Karl Marx. Long before the birth of psychoanalysis Dostoevsky was aware of the illogical forces of the unconscious and the irrationality of man which defeat the utopian goals set by human reason. With devastating prescience he foretold in "The Possessed" how the unmoral means of violent Socialist revolution murder the end of universal brotherhood and themselves become the end by establishing an equality of slaves and by depriving man of his freedom and dignity. In "The Brothers Karamazov" he has Father Zossima condemn all those who would attempt to solve the eternal problem of the rich and the poor by a planned order of society: "To transform the world, to recreate it afresh, man must turn into another path psychologically. Until you have become really, in actual fact, a brother to everyone, brotherhood will not come to pass. No sort of scientific teaching, no kind of common interest, will ever teach man to share property and privilege with equal consideration for all."

It is possible, however, that Mr. Fueloep-Miller is in error in following Berdyayev's interpretation of the prophetic content of the famous "Le-

(*Continued on page* 42)



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Seeing Things

THE DOCTOR AND THE DAME

THE PROGRAM lists James Bridie as the author of "Daphne Laureola."* Unquestionably he is, in the sense of having thought of the play's plot, outlined its characters, contrived its scenes, and committed its dialogue to paper. With equal certainty, however, it is Dame Edith Evans, and not Mr. Bridie, who is the author of the evening's pleasures. But more, much more, about Miss Evans later.

As most followers of the theatre must know, Mr. Bridie is a stagestruck doctor from Glasgow (his real name is Osborne Henry Mavor) whose ambition has long been to become a doctor of letters in the field of dramatic literature. In pursuing this ambition he has shown the kind of perseverance Robert Bruce once admired in a not uncelebrated spider. Although, unlike that arachnid, he may not have succeeded, he has tried again and again.

He has his qualities to bring to the stage, this good Scot. Mr. Bridie is a civilized man at a moment when civilized men are attaining scarcity value. He has a humorous mind, a clinical insight into the discontent of people who appear to be contented, and a flair for writing an occasional bright line or scene. Even so, I doubt if the most loyal of his fellow countrymen, in the presence of such of his plays as "The Anatomist," "A Sleeping Clergyman," or "Tobias and the Angel," has ever been prompted to cry out, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" as did that patriotic gallery-god in Edinburgh more than 200 years ago on the opening night of Home's "Douglas."

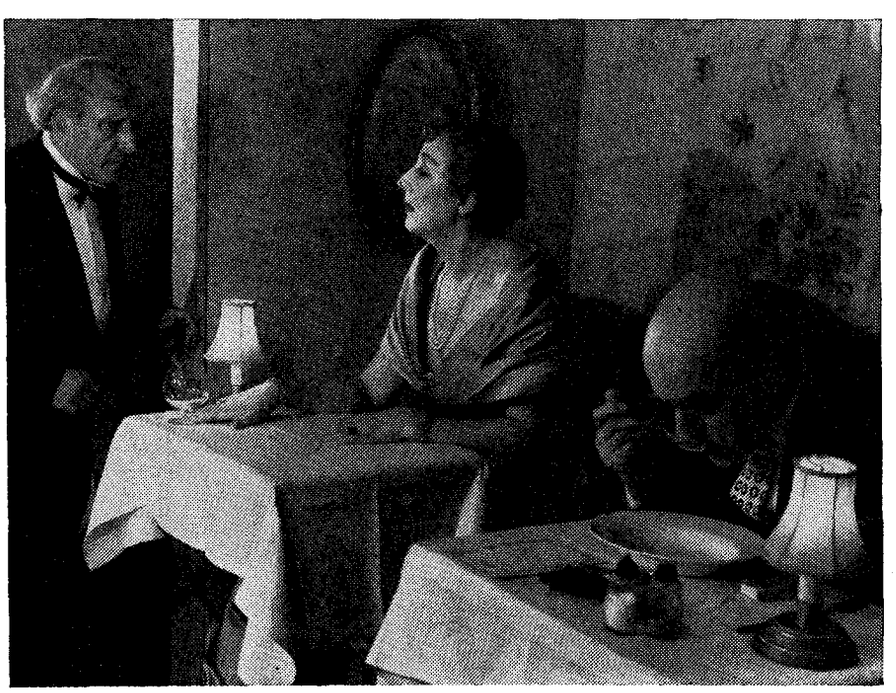
The sad truth is that the drama, one of the most elusive of all forms of writing, has outdistanced Mr. Bridie in his pursuit of it. It has rejected his advances with ungrateful stubbornness. It has played Daphne to his Apollo, a fact in which psychiatrists (always imaginative fellows) might find an explanation of his choice of a title for his latest effort.

An *effort* "Daphne Laureola" most certainly is. It is a study of a woman of fifty who from time to time escapes from the kindly octogenarian to whom she is married to go on binges in her dignified but still thirsty way in Soho restaurants. As the daughter of a clergyman, the wife of a baronet, an ex-governess, and an intermittent dipsomaniac, Lady Pitts is quite a gal. We meet her first deep in her brandy in Soho; next at her home in Hampstead when, in a condition of charming sobriety, she is unable to remember all the people from the restaurant she has asked for tea, and finally back in Soho in the same dive when she is married to her dead husband's chauffeur. Among the habitués of this cafe, which apparently has the most faithful clientele in the history of public dining places, is a dreary Polish Marchbanks, whose voluble love for Lady Pitts is immediate and unending.

If I desert Mr. Bridie's play at this point, it is because he seems to have walked out on it almost from the beginning. Although his first act is deceptively passable (due to Miss Evans), thereafter his script goes into a Spenglerian decline. Throughout it has the effective lines, even the effective single scenes, one expects from Mr. Bridie. Nonetheless, as an example of playwriting, it is all thumbs, echoes, and foolishness; a hodge-podge of ideas left undeveloped, of a kind of symbolism meant to be like Ibsen's, and of Chekhovian speeches which would have persuaded Chekhov to stay on the island of Sakhalin. Indeed, "Daphne Laureola" would be unworthy of consideration were it not for Miss Evans. But so magnificent an actress is she that whenever she is on the stage (which is not quite often enough) her performance writes Mr. Bridie's play for him and turns a very dull evening into an exciting event.

Miss Evans writes Mr. Bridie's play for him precisely as Ethel Waters writes the last act of "The Member of the Wedding" for Carson McCullers. She writes it in terms of pantomime, wonderfully observed details, a voice superbly used, and the interest of her own personality, as fine actors from the time of Thespis have been doing for indifferent dramatists the work they meant to do for themselves. Surely no one needs to be reminded that great actors can remain great in spite of poor playwrights, that they can thrive on trash, and can make a playhouse a stimulating and enthralling place with precious little literary aid. The theatre's pleasures are not all of one kind. The ideal theatre is the one in which dramatists worth listening to have their say with the help of actors worth watching. But, when given half a chance, a player of Miss Evans's skill can create a substitute for dramatic writing which offers its own rewards.

MISS EVANS is an actress in a class by herself. Britishers have acknowledged this enthusiastically these many seasons. So have travelers to



Martin Miller, Dame Edith Evans, Ernest Jay—"binges . . . dignified but still thirsty."

DAPHNE LAUREOLA, a new comedy by James Bridie. Directed by Murray Macdonald. Settings by Roger Furse and Roger Ramsdell. Presented by Leland Hayward and Herman Shumlin in association with Laurence Olivier. With a cast including Edith Evans, Cecil Parker, Ernest Jay, Peter Williams, John Van Dreelen, Martin Miller, Mark Stone, etc. At the Music Box, New York City. Opened September 18, 1950.

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London. The pity is that New Yorkers have seen her once, and once only, in a part the writing of which was commensurate with her talents. This was when, sixteen years ago, she played the Nurse memorably to Miss Cornell's Juliet. Before then Miss Evans had appeared here briefly in 1931 and 1933 in "The Lady with a Lamp" and "Evensong," two scripts which in spite of their deficiencies could not obscure her virtues.

Since the war stay-at-home Manhattanites have had other evidence of Miss Evans's uniqueness. They have watched her as the mother in such a film as "The Woman of Dolwyn" or heard her, if lucky, as Lady Bracknell on that record of the proposal scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest," which remains as shining a lesson in the playing of high comedy as I know. Now with "Daphne Laureola" they have a chance to admire her at the height of her powers giving the kind of performance only she can give in a play which, though still unworthy of her, is something she makes worthy of the attention of anyone interested in acting.

I KNOW that, willingly as I shall erase Mr. Bridie's play from my mind, I shall not soon forget the eloquent tension of Miss Evans's silence when she is first discovered sitting at a back table, drinking brandy, with her eyelids drawn down like curtains over her eyes. Or the manner in which, with each drink, her dignity increases until she becomes queenly in her cups. Or how she suddenly erupts into song and begins to talk in scrupulously measured tones so as to hide her drunkenness. Or the tenderness of her scenes with her husband (who is wonderfully played by Cecil Parker). Or the graciousness with which she tries to cover the total blank she has drawn when her Hampstead home is invaded by guests she cannot recall having met. Or the beauty of her reading of Mr. Bridie's final speech, a highfalutin bit of writing, the meaning of which still eludes me.

I would give anything—well, almost anything—to have seen Miss Evans in some of the parts for which she has been acclaimed in England; as Millamant, Beatrice, Madame Ranevsky, Orinthia in "The Apple Cart," Lady Utterwood in "Heartbreak House," or Shakespeare's Cleopatra. She first played Cleopatra in 1925 and last in 1946. It was then that Alan Dent, one of the most perceptive of England's critics, noted her lack of animal passion but added, "Immaturer, lovelier, emptier, younger actresses may look upon this performance with awe and wonderment."

Lend-Lease really should have done something to correct the unfairness which has kept America from seeing Miss Evans in her finest roles. Doubtless it would have done so, had our stage been able to offer Britain a fair exchange. Since it has not been able to, we have no other choice than to be grateful even to "Daphne Laureola" because of Miss Evans's contribution to it. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

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A LOOK AT A PROMISE

Kirk Douglas and Jane Wyman—"remarkable emotional truth."

I WAS happy to make the acquaintance of "The Glass Menagerie"* via the screen, even if it isn't quite the cinematic phenomenon the ads promise. It certainly is one of the best American plays I've come across in many years. Our theatre seems to have experienced more difficulty in achieving social criticism than have the novel and the short story.

American "social dramas" tend to deal with people in revolt against the American dream, or with the very obvious victims of very glaring and special injustices. This play, like "Death of a Salesman," tries to show us to ourselves in terms of the discrepancy between the promise of American life in general and the defeat of a specific individual. Since all of us were brought up to believe in that promise, everybody can use his own personal experience as a measure of not only the surface accuracy but the emotional truth of the dramatist's statement. For me, the verdict on the screen version of "The Glass Menagerie" is fair surface accuracy, really remarkable emotional truth.

Mrs. Wingfield is a minor by-product of the debacle of the Old South. This is at first disappointing for we have been here before, and it seems unfair that, in her attempts to conjure up a vanished way of life, she should be handicapped by a crippled daughter. The detailed anguish of her attempts to snare a husband for her daughter is both too prolonged and too familiar, a Southern "Alice Adams." Mr. Williams doesn't unlimber his big guns until he reaches the intense relationship of the girl and her Gentleman Caller. This young man has no intention of cooperating with Mother in her effort to recreate the dream world of bouquets, beaux, and belles. Instead he offers daughter a newer (though already obsolescent) dream, Success. With buoyant earnestness and belief, he tells the shy, tormented creature to get hold of those bootstraps and pull. This is, after a fashion, the call of life, but she cannot answer.

This is set forth without compromise, and it is high time that such home truths reached the movie millions. It is a pity that it couldn't have reached them in terms of their chosen art, the screen. But, as almost always happens, the producers, awed by the prestige of the play, have photographed it literally. With minor interpolations, all the action takes place in a small apartment and the adjoining areaway. The story is told in big close-ups of actors and, as on the stage, the actor's person and voice are the sole units of expression. In fact, there is nothing to say about the film itself except to describe the acting.

The acting is exceedingly good. Miss Lawrence's highly inflected performance of the appalling Southern lady is astonishing. In detail and understanding it is just about perfect. How she learned all she knows about the South it would be difficult to guess. Everything is here: the compulsive inanity that makes Southern discourse a hell to the perspicuous, and, too, the sort of grim courage and gallantry which keep these women going. But I wish actresses wouldn't put their skill to the test in this way; I can't help reflecting that the older I grow, the better I like type-casting. Versatility is a dubious value in movie acting.

Outward versatility is no part of Jane Wyman's stock in trade. She just relies on her natural physical endowment. It is expressive to a degree more often encountered in the silent era than in that of sound, and not since Garbo has there been anything like the naked eloquence of her face, with its amazing play of thought and emotion. Young and ambitious, Miss Wyman responds to variations in her roles and tries to relate them to background, environment, the individual circumstance. But she has so far understood that she can only do so by projecting from the inside, outward. That is about the most any actor can hope to do before the camera, which instantly distinguishes between calculation and spontaneity.

ARTHUR KENNEDY'S bleak presence has the same authentic Americanness which countless Hollywood bit players contribute to countless films good and bad. Less in command of himself, Kirk Douglas is nevertheless well cast. There is in *his* screen personality a combination of the genuine and the meretricious highly appropriate to this role of a sincere fraud, if I can get away with the phrase. Both Kennedy and Douglas have jettisoned the theatrical manner (Miss Lawrence hasn't quite). They act for no audience and let the cameraman take care of things.

Undoubtedly Miss Wyman was cast as the crippled girl because of her success as a deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda." The inference is that Hollywood finds such sensitive facial acting appropriate only to inarticulate, repressed characters. This is a measure

THE GLASS MENAGERIE, screen play by Tennessee Williams and Peter Berneis, based on original stage play by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Irving Rapper. Produced by Jerry Wald and Charles K. Feldman. Released by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. With Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy.

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of the decline that has taken place since the days when, as Miss Swanson recently reminded us, screen players were expected to bring us into direct communion with all the people they played.

"The Glass Menagerie" exemplifies this gradual deadening of the camera sense in a number of ways. The camera can be made to lie but it likes to tell the truth, and when artifice is put before it, it is more than likely to report artifice. Thus Miss Wyman's beautiful wig, undoubtedly the best that money could buy, comes through as exactly that, a perfectly magnificent wig. What a pity that "The Glass Menagerie" was a big success and a Work of Art and therefore had to arrive on the screen 100-percent intact (including the wig). How lucky that "Johnny Belinda" was an obscure failure on Broadway and thus could have its dramaturgic bones broken and reset in the mold of the movies. Miss Wyman's inner loveliness manages to shine out from under that wig, but it shone more brightly still from the face of the uncoiffed deaf girl on the drab farm in Nova Scotia.

—Richard Griffith.

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AMERICA'S TREASURE HOUSE

by Webster P. True,

Chief of the Editorial Division of The Smithsonian

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Music to My Ears

THE PASSING OF THE EIGHTH FLOOR BACK

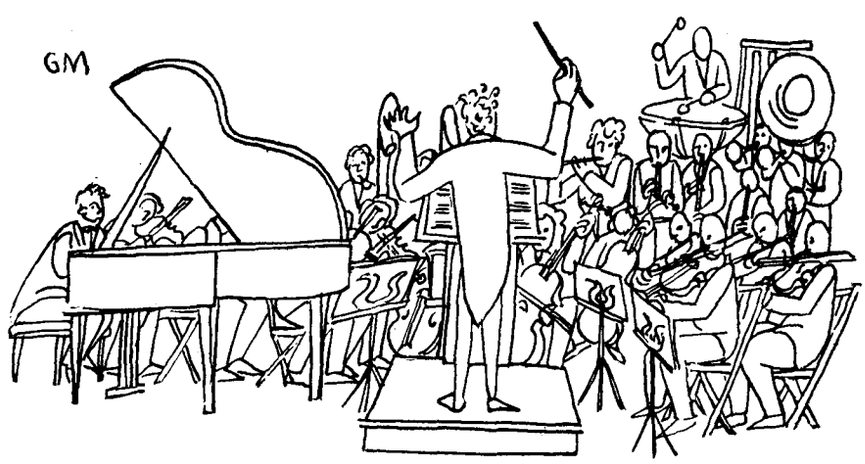
THERE is, apparently, something to be said for television after all. I do not refer to any good, new program that has come to my attention (it would have to be new if it also were good) but to a development of interest to music lovers all over the country. Thanks to television, the celebrated, long-debated, over-rated Studio 8H of Radio City will no longer be the site of the Toscanini broadcasts and the other activities of the National Broadcasting Company's orchestra. Television's got it, and it's welcome to it.

The new order was ushered in quietly on the first Monday of October, with Milton Katims in charge of the orchestra at a new time—10:00 to 11:00 P.M., E.S.T.—and from a "new" place: Carnegie Hall. Both time and place were highly agreeable, as was the program of Mendelssohn, Moussorgsky, Turina, and Antheil. How long the partnership will endure, however, is not certain at the moment. The time is a welcome change from the 6:30-7:30 hour on Saturday, which has been in vogue for the last few years, and should prosper; but what of the usual Carnegie bookings on Monday? On October 23, for example, when Toscanini is scheduled to begin his winter's work, Carnegie Hall will be occupied by Eileen Farrell, soprano. I don't doubt that she would graciously share the stage with the NBC orchestra for the last hour of her evening, but Toscanini might have another opinion.

At that, it might not matter too much, if the first Monday night is an indication. A phone call to CIrcle 7-1350 at 10:10 brought the solemn assurance that nothing at all was going on in Carnegie, while the concert was coming through the loud-speaker. "A transcription most likely," said the voice. Thus alerted, the ear noted a reference in the script to "today's program" when it should have been "tonight's," and eventually, at sign-off time, a casual mention that "the previous program was transcribed."

For all the elaborate efforts that were made to persuade the public otherwise, 8H—"the largest broadcasting studio in the world"—was never intended for a symphony orchestra in the first place. A typical use in the mid-Thirties was for the "Let's Dance" program of the National Biscuit Company, in which Xavier Cugat's rumba band was flanked by the American-style orchestra directed by clarinetist Benny Goodman. On other occasions it housed the apparatus of tally boards, maps, charts, etc., required to report the quadriennial Presidential elections since 1932. I doubt that the GOP will mourn its passing. There were for Republicans no happy returns in all its history.

Its musical history began in the fall of 1937. Toscanini was still on the other side of the ocean when the orchestra organized for him by Artur Rodzinski had its trial run in 8H. Weber's "Oberon" Overture and Strauss's "Heldenleben" were the order of the day that November 2, 1937. Many who admired the precision of the playing found the dry-as-dust sound a little trying. All



were assured that it would sound different when miked and broadcast, but the murmurs of objection became a chorus when the orchestra went to the country for the first time under Toscanini on Christmas night, 1937. (Vivaldi D minor Concerto Grosso, the G minor Mozart, and the C minor Brahms symphonies.) When the parent company insisted on using it not only for the Toscanini broadcasts but also as the studio for his recordings, a new epithet entered the critical language—"8H sound," a byword (if not a buy-word) for cramped, dull, unpleasant tone.

AFTER half a dozen years of protestation, NBC (prompted, I believe, by Stokowski) put considerable money into reshaping the wall surfaces by use of acoustical board and then pronounced the huge oblong room (with the orchestra across one wrong side) "even better." It was, actually, not as bad as before, but it was hardly good. The sound remained razor-sharp, under-resonant, overdefined.

That Toscanini nevertheless gave us from there those marvelous performances of "Bohême" and "Traviata," "Fidelio" and "Falstaff," "Aida," and "Otello" is one more instance of mind triumphing over matter. Add to these his innumerable fine interpretations of Brahms, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Mozart symphonies, of Strauss and Debussy, Gershwin and Wagner—can anyone recall Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations" after the capitulation of Italy without a responsive spinal shiver?—and you can only conclude that, bad as it was, 8H might have been worse. How, I don't know, but Toscanini, at least, seemed to bear with it, and that was something.

There is a legend, in fact, that the Maestro grew so attached to its merciless tonal clarity, its unrelenting revelation of the least flaw in sound, that he found Carnegie Hall too bland and effacing a place in which to record. "Ormandy records where he plays, in the Academy; Koussevitzky records where he plays, in Symphony Hall," he said querulously during a Carnegie session one day. "I want to go back home."

Well, now they've sold the old homestead. At the moment its interior is a mass of scaffolds and machinery, with half the balcony blocked in, and control rooms for the cameras emerging from the other half. The stage wall has been resurfaced, and the old control room on the left, which beamed so much wonderful music to the world, is gone. Chances are that Toscanini will have to get used to some other place—Carnegie, the Center Theatre, the Manhattan Center on 34th Street, who knows? Maybe they will even buy Carnegie Hall and make it over to sound like 8H. In that case, the cycle will be complete.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A FIG FOR JENA

(*Continued from page 21*)

and elemental human urges—whether the maid in love be Shakespeare's Rosalind or Juliet, or Jane's Elizabeth Bennet, or Hardy's Elizabeth-Jane Henchard. Hardy, in fact, being a major poet has distilled this simple truth into the last of these simple quatrains written in the dark and desperate year 1915:

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

The reminder has to be brought home with poetic and dramatic genius (as by Shakespeare) or with wit and urbanity (as by Thackeray or Meredith) or with tragic force and irony (as by Hardy). Jane Austen brought it home—and straight home—with a laughing wit and a neat sense that never brimmed over into the nonsense of sensibility. Hers is the highest class of artistry because she always knew precisely what she wanted to say or do, and precisely how to say or do it. With a perception which may probably have been largely instinctive she realized—when she was no more than a girl dabbling with a pen over a desk—that the wrongs of the age were not that pen's affair. Her concern was with the human heart and its affections, well placed or mistakenly placed. With this, and with this alone, she concerned herself. She believed in love as distinct from romance. She believed in hilarity and reason. She believed in finding out her own business as an artist at the very outset, and thereafter in very strictly minding it.

For this reason the long, unceasing rumbles of Europe's wars are hardly heard in her quiet garden. And it is for this same reason that more and more of us today make that charming garden our own, knowing that no Jane Austen character will ever be worldly-minded enough to mention Napoleon. Despite the chosen smallness of her scale Jane Austen is *in* her time but

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Finally, perhaps most important of all, we can . . . make it clear . . . that . . . our purpose is not to remake Eastern Europe in our own image, or attempt to substitute our domination for Moscow's, but rather to break Russian domination.

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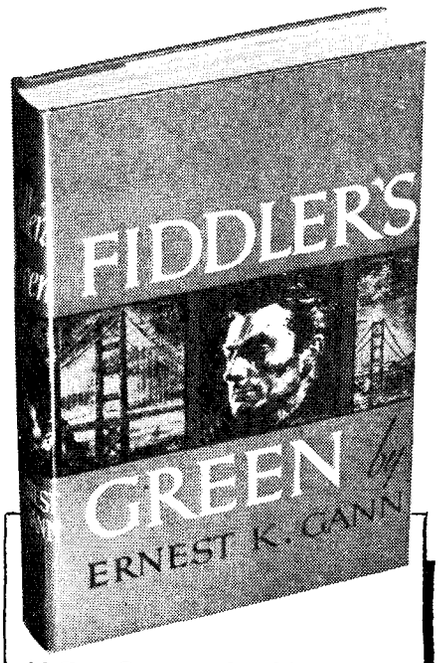

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not of it—and this can be said of only an astonishingly small number of the geniuses of English literature. Her vogue has spread and grown with the years. It seems certain now that her work will last and be loved as long as crisp wit stays in fashion, as long as life-loyalties go on existing and honest affections deserve and occasionally receive their reward.

It is Jane's style which is, of course, her supreme preservative. The best description of it comes not from any of the scholars or the polished critics. It seems to me to be contained in a quite casual reference in the very first pages of Arnold Bennett's "Journal" (1896) where he has been noting the overinsistence in George Eliot and the Brontës. He proceeds: "Jane Austen, now, is different. By no chance does she commit the artistic folly of insisting too much. Her style has the beauty and the strength of masculinity and femininity combined, and, very nearly, the weakness of neither."

Alan Dent, drama critic of the London News Chronicle, *is a noted British Janeite. This is the fourth of a series of literary revaluations that* SRL *is presenting in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE SYNTHETIC JANE AUSTEN HEROINE

If we could combine the most charming characteristics of Jane Austen's young ladies into one heroine, the result would certainly be "vastly agreeable," according to Lola Alice Dunnavant, of Little Rock, Ark. Such a heroine is described in the twenty quotations below. Can you identify the characters about whom the descriptions were written? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of forty is par, fifty is very good, and sixty or better is excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. EYES. "I have been meditating on the very great pleasure which a pair of fine eyes in the face of a pretty woman can bestow."
2. HAIR. "Her hair arranged neatly as it always is, and one little curl falling forward as she wrote, which she now and then shook back."
3. COMPLEXION. Her skin was very brown, but, from its transparency, her complexion was uncommonly brilliant.
4. FEATURES. ———, smiling and blushing, very becomingly showed to Mr. Elliot the pretty features which he had by no means forgotten.
5. FIGURE. Though he had detected with critical eye more than one failure of perfect symmetry in her form, he was forced to acknowledge her figure to be light and pleasing.
6. HEIGHT. Her height was pretty, just such as almost everybody would think tall, and nobody could think very tall.
7. HEALTH. "There is health not merely in her bloom, but in her air, her head, her glance."
8. CLOTHES. "Sprigged muslin robe with blue trimmings, plain black shoes; appeared to much advantage."
9. BEAUTY. "He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room."
10. KINDNESS. "I never heard you speak ill of a human being in my life."
11. LOYALTY. Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath. . . . It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way.
12. AFFECTION. The affectionate heart which could not bear to see a sister slighted in the smallest point.
13. CHARITY. The distresses of the poor were as sure of relief from her personal attention . . . as from her purse.
14. CHARM. There was a mixture of sweetness and archness in her manner which made it difficult for her to affront anybody.
15. DISPOSITION. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were sorry to lose their young friend, whose good humor and cheerfulness had made her a valuable companion.
16. TEMPER. "My dearest ———, do not pretend, with your sweet temper, to understand a bad one."
17. MANNERS. In spite of his asserting that her manners were not those of the fashionable world, he was caught by their easy playfulness.
18. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. "Too modest for the world in general for the world to be aware of half her accomplishments."
19. INTELLIGENCE. A strength of understanding and coolness of judgment, which qualified her, though only nineteen, to be the counsel of her mother.
20. CHARACTER. Such a steadiness and regularity of conduct, such a high notion of honor, and such an observance of decorum as might warrant any man in the fullest dependence of her faith and integrity.

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wailing the lack of successors to our aging, and in some instances, declining novelists would do well to contemplate Elizabeth Fenwick. She has written beautiful words here; she has created, whole and exquisitely real, a man; a woman, a baby, a teen-age boy, a grandmother, and a house; she has illuminated the intricacies of a Problem and offered, very gently, by thus throwing light, a solution. What more does one need to tap a novelist with a big N? Except to add my own humble gratitude to the writer for the experience.

Seekers of Hurt

THE INJUSTICE COLLECTORS. By Louis Auchincloss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 224 pp. $2.50.

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE TITLE of this book derives from Dr. Edmund Bergler's "The Battle of the Conscience," where the phrase is used to describe neurotics who continually and unconsciously construct situations in which they are disappointed or mistreated. In his foreword Mr. Auchincloss says:

> I do not purport to use the term in Dr. Bergler's exact medical sense, but in a wider sense to describe people who are looking for injustice, even in a friendly world, because they suffer from a hidden need to feel that this world has wronged them. Turning the idea over, one begins to speculate if punishment and injustice are not always more sought after than seeking, not only for such a reason as self pity, but for other reasons. . . . Is not the neurotic or the maladjusted or the unconventional or even the saint in some fashion the magnet which attracts the very disaster that he may appear to be seeking to avoid?

This is the theme which Mr. Auchincloss engages in his collection of short stories. The injustice collectors who move through these pages are not the underprivileged, the social outcasts, or those loosely termed unfortunates; the milieu of which he writes is that of wealth and leisure and caste; these are nice people, often charming people, stuffy people, expensively provincial people of Anchor Harbor, Maine; of Park Avenue and Long Island and Florida and the Riviera in winter. His stories are the more subtly penetrating because they are not melodramatic nor dismally sordid; the neurotics, the maladjusted, the self-punishers who in these eight excellent portrait studies work out their own destruction and defeat seldom realize that they are either destroyed or defeated. Mr. Auchincloss points no moral, nor suggests any alternatives for his characters. He is not concerned with analyzing the reasons why they behave as they do; he contents himself with symptoms rather than causes.

He is wonderfully adept at showing the conflicts between personalities; at exposing the tyrannies, the dominations, the iron fingers in the velvet gloves of courtesy and social convention and family relationships; he can draw a devastating picture in a few brief lines:

> George, without being attractive, or handsome, or witty; being indeed the very reverse of these things, could nonetheless fill me with a sense of confusion and self doubt by the very firmness of his own self righteousness and the very blatancy of his affectation of a friendly homespun tolerance that undermined opposition to his dogma. . . .

The story "Maude" is one of the most effective in the book. "All Maude's life it had seemed to her that she was like a dried-up spring at the edge of which her devoted relatives and friends used to gather hopefully in the expectation that at least a faint trickle would appear. . . ." Maude so resented what she conceived of as the obligation to feel and be like other people that she negated and denied her own honest reactions, finding in her frustration of herself both justification and penance, taking an unconscious satisfaction, even, when her lover's death prevented the emotional release which she desired but did not want to desire. This story is a penetrating and expert portrayal of a neurotic refusal to meet life, of a clinging to a fancied independence which was in fact only a fear of emotional involvement.

In "The Ambassadress" he tells the story of Tony, the dilettante who believes himself a rebel against conventions, which he really clings to, almost convincing himself in his thrashing about to escape the domination of his sister that he actually wants to cut the bond between them, settling at last with a kind of relief into Edith's pattern for his life, an end to which he has been inevitably and irresistibly directing himself.

In these and the six other stories in the collection Mr. Auchincloss explores some of the various paths of defeat which people can unconsciously pursue. His style is fluent, cultivated, urbane. In spite of the inherent tragedy in the situations and the people involved, there is much that is deftly humorous. He has wit and irony; he has also a real understand-

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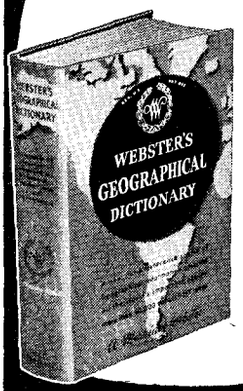

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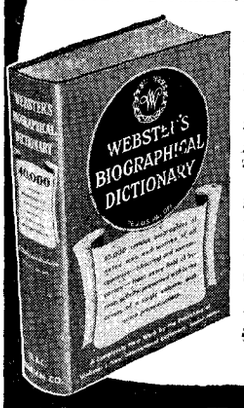

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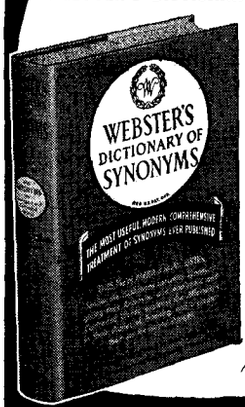

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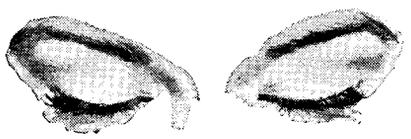

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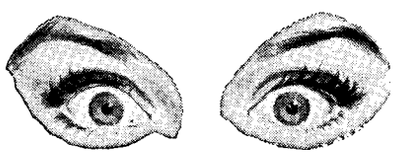

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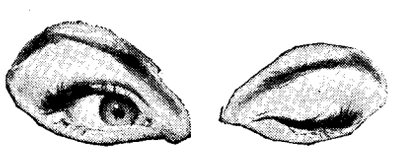

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ing of and pity for the seekers of their own hurt.

"The Injustice Collectors" is the work of an extremely skilful and observant writer. These are not clinical case histories, but with the device of fiction Mr. Auchincloss puts his finger on fact. It is a tribute to the impact of these stories that one begins to speculate upon one's own propensities as a collector!

Fiction Notes

THE WIDOW, by Susan Yorke. Harcourt, Brace. $3. This is a "you" book, a new variant of the long series of "I" books, written as a letter—or perhaps memorandum — to the now-deceased hero of a love affair by the heroine. Miss Yorke no doubt feels that the use of the pronoun of the second person fosters the hot-house intimacy she aims at. But the result of this *tutoyer*-ing is that the reader (this reader, at any rate) begins to wonder what in Tophet he is doing in the hothouse and to long for a good hefty stone to chuck through the glass.

The Widow (no names are used, as on Mr. Anthony's radio program), meets a bachelor ten years her junior. She has heard of him and even before they meet she knows they will be much to each other. They are. But she cannot surrender her integrity to her lover. Their affair becomes a long-drawn-out episode in the War Between Men and Women. She must possess him; he must not possess her. Frightened of any independent relationship he might establish, she spoils his friendship with another young man. She helps to undermine his professional position. She sneaks into his apartment and breaks his lucky piece, a handsome Ming vase. Is it any wonder he goes off and suicides, in a skiing "accident" high on a mountain peak? Now, alas, the Widow realizes that in winning she has lost. Her affair and her secret feud with her lover have been the only interests which have kept her young. She is alone and old.

Actually, the character Miss Yorke has conceived is worthy of a book—the selfish, evil, aging woman who destroys her man. But the form of the book permits no background to appear against which the Widow might be set with some opportunity for perspective. A great deal of semi-literate philosophizing clogs such movement as the book has.

An English reviewer, the jacket announces, has found Miss Yorke's book "sophisticated." And so it is, in the original sense of the word—adulterated, misleading, spurious, clothed in fallacies. —ELIZABETH JANEWAY.

THE MARGIN, by J. D. Scott. Knopf. $2.75. We live in an age of bureaucracies. The reputation of bureaucrats for stuffiness is confirmed by the shrewd author of this book, which describes the British species in particular. There is a method in their stuffiness, which is carried to the point of a fine art, emulated doubtless by our own Pentagonians. As a contrast the author offers us also a glimpse of the more anarchic movie world, which is anything but stuffy if just as bad in other respects. The stuffiness of the bureaucrats at least helps human relations within bounds of civility, whereas Mr. Scott's movie people do not mind resorting to fisticuffs.

Shuttling between these two worlds, we have the figure of the heroine, Margaret. She has a choice, to be sure. She can be a career bureaucrat or share a bed with a movie man, which indeed she does with aplomb, until a choice comes between a better job in Government service and becoming the movie man's legal spouse. Wise girl that she is, she chooses the latter, with a honeymoon in Brazil, the place of the movie man's next assignment. Margaret prefers life, such as it is, to stuffiness. Mr. Scott is endowed with real gifts for characterization and humor, and he exercises these to the full in the excellent opportunities which the theme offers him. He seems to have had fun writing this novel and he manages to convey his pleasure to the reader. —JOHN COURNOS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 382

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 382 will be found in the next issue.

KGZGTSPX HPW DZGHA

NZSBGCCQPD ZGPWGZC

BZQGPWCLQN HC TYKL

CYCNGKA HC QA WSGC

ZGMQDQSP. E. EXKLGZMGX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 381

A fraudulently acquired fortune never reaches the third heir.

—LATIN PROVERB

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NEW EDITIONS

THE BRITISH Book Centre, 122 E. 55th St., New York City, is performing a valuable service by acting as the distributing agency in this country for the wares of some fifty British publishers. This service is, of course, one small part of Britain's great export effort and drive for dollars, but it is a part that should be heartily encouraged by American readers, for they are the beneficiaries. Thanks to the devaluation of the pound, and the Centre's role of honest broker, it is now possible to buy English books at prices well below those of a few years ago. Only the Centre's catalogues can tell you what it has to offer and keep you abreast of new importations, but I have on my desk a baker's dozen of samples. So let us look at them.

Beginning with fiction, there is an attractive edition of Trollope's "The Warden" ($4.85), illustrated by Phyllis Harrap; Trollope's "The Last Chronicle of Barset" ($3), in a substantial volume of almost 800 pages; Robert Hichens's "The Green Carnation" ($2); Henry James's "The Tragic Muse" ($3.50), and "Selected Tales of Henry James" ($3.50), the tales being "Daisy Miller," "The Death of the Lion," "The Lesson of the Master," "The Figure in the Carpet," "The Beast in the Jungle," and "The Turn of the Screw." All Trollopeans must have a special affection for "The Warden" as the book with which the historian of Barset first won his public. He was still on his way up when he wrote it, but it is one of his simplest, most engaging stories. As for "The Last Chronicle," it not only ends, but fitly crowns the Barsetshire series. Readers who have missed "The Green Carnation," first published in 1894, have missed one of the cleverest short satires in English. After more than fifty years, Hichens's portraits of Esmé Amarinth and Lord Reggie (Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas) are as lethally brilliant as when they were first painted, and the account of Mrs. Windsor's "Surrey week" is still funny enough to be exhausting. Firbank may or may not have learned something from "The Green Carnation," but the something was surely there for him to learn. "The Tragic Muse" is presented as "the greatest novel" of its author's "middle period," but I consider it, for the most part, an ambitious failure. It was a mistake for James to employ the narrator's personal pronoun in such a novel; he never brings to life the English political scene that Nick deserted for his art; the book's two stories are so neatly balanced as to make artifice apparent; and, in crucial scenes, James flaunts his ability to make his characters speak as no men or women ever did. The tales are well-selected examples of James's shorter works of fiction.

Turning to nonfiction, we have the third edition of J. C. Stobart's "The Grandeur That Was Rome" ($5.75), Thomas à Kempis's "The Imitation of Christ" (95¢), Darwin's "The Origin of Species" (95¢), "Selected Works of Voltaire" (95¢), John Stuart Mill's "On Liberty" (95¢), Winwood Reade's "The Martyrdom of Man" (95¢), and "Selected Writings of Thomas Babington Macaulay" (Falcon Prose Classics edition, $1.25). Stobart's well-known work is a clear, reliable, skilfully organized account of "the greatest civilizing force in all the history of Europe, the most stable form of government, the strongest military and political system that has ever existed," by a historian who held logically that, "the mere notion of an empire continuing to decline and fall for five centuries is ridiculous." It is also a handsome volume, beautifully and intelligently illustrated. The edition of "The Imitation" is neat, legible, and handy.

LEAVING the names of Voltaire, Darwin, and Mill to speak for themselves, there is only space to say that Winwood Reade's wide-ranging interpretation of human history retains all its old, explosive, controversial vigor; to note that Harold Hobson has made his selections from Macaulay with a fine eye for that gentleman's unique style, and to add, turning back to fiction, that Cyril Ray, in "Robert Surtees: Scenes and Characters" (another Falcon Press Classic, $1.25), gives us some deftly snipped snippets from Surtees's sporting novels.

Publishers of Bantam Books have performed the fine feat of putting Robert Sherwood's massive "Roosevelt and Hopkins" into two Bantam Giant volumes (35¢ each) . . . Damon Runyon fans please note: "Runyon's Guys and Dolls" (Lippincott, $2.95) contains not only "Guys and Dolls" but also "Blue Plate Special" and "Money from Home."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 20*)

has political pull. He doesn't think the five percenters have much either, and kisses off John Maragon as "a pleasant fellow who knew Major General Harry Vaughan and didn't make any secret of it . . . went to jail for belittling his achievements too enthusiastically before a Senate committee."

As might be expected of Allen, he thinks the real "juice" men are the labor lobbies and the newspaper columnists. But he is tolerant and good-humored about them, too, and says he wouldn't abolish them if he could. (Thanks, pal.)

Effervescent to the end, Allen holds that the best system of government is that which is least systematic, that "when the Constitution gets in the way of what needs doing, let us stretch our Constitution to permit the inevitable," and that in the long view "the cold war may be our salvation"; that "Russian Communism probably will be the stimulus to which we can respond with growing strength and increasing vitality for generations to come."

Allen hasn't been in the headlines recently. He is out of public life and says he intends to remain that way. But he includes a story in his book which probably explains why it was written.

One morning his wife read from the newspaper, with admiration, about a triumphant football coach at Annapolis learning that a great celebration was being planned for him and his team when they got home. To avoid having a fuss made over him, the coach slipped off the train at Baltimore and sent his team on to receive the kudos. "That's exactly what I or any other reasonably modest person would have done," Allen answered. "George," said his wife, "you know very well that you would have put the team off at Baltimore."

Touché!

Americana Notes

JOURNEY TO THE GOLD DIGGINS, by Jeremiah Saddlebags. Illustrated by J. A. and D. F. Read, with an introduction by Joseph Henry Jackson. William P. Wreden, Burlingame, Calif. $12.50. This is the gayest revival to come out of the Gold Rush centennial. "Journey to the Diggins" was originally a '49 quickie, the work of the Read brothers, James and Donald, engravers and artists of some (but not much) contemporary note. They were New York boys, living on Greenwich Avenue, from which address they were absent in the 1849 and 1850 records. Mr. Jackson raises the interesting and perhaps unanswerable question: did they or did they not go to California themselves? Internal evidence is lacking. Almost anybody could have done this book, which is an outrageous comic setting forth the weird adventures of its Yankee man-of-fashion hero. It is not particularly important as specialized history but of considerable interest as cultural Americana—so this was what folks laughed at a century ago! The Brothers Read of New York would be dazzled and delighted to see what a splendid thing the Brothers Grabhorn of San Francisco have made of their grubby little book—the plates in charming color, the title page in real gold, the cover a gay mesh of yellow and red and green.

JESUIT AND SAVAGE IN NEW FRANCE, by J. H. Kennedy. Yale University Press. $3.75. In 1534 Jacques Cartier brought back from Canada to his sovereign, Francis I, two American Indians. Six years later Francis sent Cartier back to New France to plant a colony and to instruct the savages in "the love and fear of God and of the sacred law and Christian doctrine." In 1632 the Jesuits took over the missions. The story of their exploits (and often of their martyrdoms) survive in the "Relations"—annual reports designed for general circulation at home, which were widely and eagerly read. These reports, Mr. Kennedy demonstrates, plus the memoirs and journals of "artless laymen," were a principal factor in building up the concept of the noble savage, which dominated the thinking of the eighteenth-century French *philosophes* and attained its most highly idealized sublimation in the work of Rousseau and Voltaire; the latter, in "L'Ingénu," created an Indian who out-Coopered Cooper's.

The emergence of "natural man" as a precursor of the French Revolution was thus, ironically, in part the result of the zeal and selflessness of the missionaries. The bulk of Mr. Kennedy's competent and readable study is devoted to an interpretation and analysis of the savage as seen through Jesuit eyes.

LEGENDS OF THE COMSTOCK LODE, by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. Grahame Hardy, Oakland, Calif. $3. This latest production of the effective Beebe-Clegg team is admittedly a "retelling [of] oft-told sagas," but Mr. Beebe, now a permanent Nevadan, brings them into neat

historical focus and gives them fresh vitality. He writes with an eye on the pictorial possibilities, and here Mr. Clegg comes to the front with the after units in several striking before-and-after shots, supported by flavorful chapter headings drawn by E. S. Hammack. Mr. Beebe is obviously doing exactly what he wants to do, and his zest for the new-old life gets into his books: Virginia City romps up out of the Sixties and Seventies with its glamour unimpaired.

DIPLOMACY AND INDIAN GIFTS, by Wilbur R. Jacobs. Stanford University Press. $5. This study is concerned with Anglo-French rivalry along the Ohio River and the Northwest frontier between 1748 and 1763. Clothing, firearms, food, toys, jewelry, and rum were the staples of the campaign to win the favor and support of the natives—or, sometimes, to insure their neutrality. From the Indians' point of view, neutrality paid off best—the old game of the middle against both ends. The white invaders made careful accounting of the nature and cost of gifts, and Dr. Jacobs has assiduously explored the records for details. Odd products made their way into the Indians' hands; the son of one chief approached a British officer with a volume of Shakespeare which he wanted to swap for gunpowder. Once the gift program got going, it was hard to stop; it is Dr. Jacobs's view that the Indian rebellion under Pontiac resulted from the shortage of presents.

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA ON THE SOUTHWESTERN TRAIL, 1849: The Diary of Robert Eccleston, edited by George P. Hammond and Edward H. Howes. University of California Press. $7.50. One way to go to California in 1849 was to join a cooperative mining group, and that is what nineteen-year-old Robert Eccleston of New York, who had never mined for anything in his life, determined to do and did. The fare was $180. The party sailed to Texas and then crossed to El Paso and through what is now Southern New Mexico and Arizona. Eccleston had the wit to maintain an

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excellent diary, and its publication a century later is one of the more solid accomplishments of the Gold-Rush anniversary. His account of his anabasis is lively and graphic, and highly readable in its own right apart from its historic importance. Eccleston's group constituted the first sizable party to take the Tucson cutoff, which saved about ten days' travel and which was not in general use until 1851. It is pleasant to learn, thanks to the editors' researches, that in 1853 Eccleston took 112 ounces of gold to the New Orleans mint, returned to California, and bought 350 head of sheep. He died in 1911, when he was eighty-one years old.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, edited by George A. Baitsell. Yale University Press. $3. This, the twenty-ninth volume of the Silliman Lectures, departs considerably from the pattern of its forerunners. The lectures are the work of four scientists instead of one, and several of the addresses given at the Sheffield centennial celebration in 1947 are added. The scientific papers include "High Energy Physics," by Ernest O. Lawrence; "Chemical Achievement: Hope for the Future," by Linus Pauling; "Virus Research," by W. M. Stanley, and "Genes and Biological Enigmas," by G. W. Beadle.

Of the centennial papers proper, Dean Charles H. Warren's is a twelve-page historical summary of Sheff's first century, and Dr. Edmund W. Sinnott, the present director, discusses "Science and the Whole Man" in a time "full of peril and of promise." John F. Fulton presents, with documentary support, "Benjamin Silliman in His Lighter Moments." Dining in an English home, Silliman was recognized by his host as a Yankee because "no one except a man educated in New England ever leaned back in his chair so as to make it stand upon the two hinder feet only." The whole comprises an unusual and effective miscellany, and represents a sound and agreeable method of perpetuating a centennial.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Elizabeth Bennet. 2. Fanny Price. 3. Marianne Dashwood. 4. Anne Elliot. 5. Elizabeth Bennet. 6. Jane Fairfax. 7. Emma Woodhouse. 8. Catherine Morland. 9. Jane Bennet. 10. Jane Bennet. 11. Anne Elliot. 12. Marianne Dashwood. 13. Emma Woodhouse. 14. Elizabeth Bennet. 15. Catherine Morland. 16. Emma Woodhouse. 17. Elizabeth Bennet. 18. Anne Elliot. 19. Elinor Dashwood. 20. Fanny Price.

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gend of the Grand Inquisitor" in "The Brothers Karamazov." It is most unlikely that Dostoevsky intended to suggest in this scene that the regime administered by the Grand Inquisitor represented a future Communist "paradise," such as was described by Peter Verhovensky in "The Possessed." Dostoevsky's bitter hostility to the Roman Catholic Church as opposed to the Russian Orthodox Church can be fully documented. The argument of this passage should be understood literally: he equated the authoritarianism of the Roman Catholic Church, which would deprive man of the right to choose between good and evil, with that of Socialism, and he condemned both.

Finally, it is true, as Mr. Fueloep-Miller points out, that all his life Dostoevsky was engaged in a search for God, a quest that dominated his artistic work. But one may doubt Mr. Fueloep-Miller's assertion that Dostoevsky eventually achieved wholehearted belief in God. The essence of his art was precisely this ambivalence of belief and unbelief, and the few attempts to resolve it artistically in such characters as Raskolnikov, Versilov, and Father Zossima are not convincing. His spiritual dualism is reflected by that of Ivan Karamazov, and he perhaps had more secret sympathy for Ivan's tremendous argument against the existence of God than for Father Zossima's pale faith. And Dostoevsky was suspiciously proud of Ivan's repudiation of God, for in a statement towards the end of his life, which Mr. Fueloep-Miller has overlooked, he commented on the argument: "Even in Europe there have never been atheistic expressions of such power. Consequently, I do not believe in Christ and His confession as a child, but my hosanna has come through a great *furnace of doubt.*"

Belles-Lettres Notes

PATRIA MIA, by Ezra Pound. Robert Fletcher Seymour, Chicago. $2.75. The manuscript of this discussion of the arts in America was recently discovered in the publisher's files after having been lost in 1913. Its publication thirty-seven years later finds Pound a controversial figure whose poetry is one of the beauties of the age and whose politics are not. Considering the age of the essay, one might expect to find it dated. It is in a way: he cites Henry Van Dyke as completely worthy of oblivion, which Mr. Van Dyke has since earned, and he advises reappraisal of Henry James, that "forgotten author." But Pound is concerned with not only literary criticism but also his own esthetic philosophy. In large, these ideas remain as astute now as then. The arbitrary methods of higher education, against which he directs a diatribe, and the lack of correlation between life and the arts have not changed much in the past three decades. His suggestion of an artists' union, partially realized by the WPA, still deserves serious consideration. All these thoughts on the arts and "their use and future in America" show the poet in a new perspective. He appears as both revolutionist and patriot; he praises and damns his country equally. His attitude is at all times objective, but occasionally he suggests his own feelings on the subject. One of these occasions is a tribute to America which, in light of subsequent developments, is both touching and ironic: "If a man's work require him to live in exile, let him suffer, or enjoy, his exile gladly. But it would be about as easy for an American to become a Chinaman or a Hindoo as for him to acquire an Englishness or a Frenchness or a European-ness that is more than half a skin deep."

—DONALD RICHIE.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS: Folklorist, by Stella Brewer Brookes. University of Georgia Press, Athens. $4. This volume is primarily an attempt at classifying, summarizing, and examining the folklore element in the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, with some background study of the times and influences which shaped his writings. In Chandler's lifetime (1848-1908) he looked at scientific folklorism with his usual genial humor, confessing that he had gone into the subject ". . . (by the aid of those who are Fellows of This and Professors of That, to say nothing of Doctors of the Other) to discover that at the end of investigation and discussion Speculation stands grinning." Chandler felt that speculation begets little more than speculation and that in the interest of compiling dry bones and comparing plots and versions, folklorists may ignore literary and human values. Mrs. Brooks, one happily notes, does convey the human and literary excellences of Harris's tales, songs, and proverbs, although there is a tendency on her part to smother her subject with encomium and panegyric. Harris is one of those few fortunate writers who find a large, spontaneous, and sympathetic audience within their lifetime, attracting readers largely through his Uncle Remus character. He was fascinated by the stories of Georgia's Negroes and as a skilled raconteur he warmly reconstructed Negro life and character in a literary frame. Protests on the use of dialect in the stories and sketches troubled Harris but he emphasized that his employment of dialect was intended to capture the essence of the poetic imagination, homely humor, and picturesque sensitiveness of the plantation Negroes which he knew. Harris's creations of Uncle Remus, Brer Rabbit, and all his animal brethren deserve Mark Twain's comment that here is "bright, fine literature, and worthy to live. . . ."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

—*From "Uncle Remus."*

"Tar Baby, He Ain't Say Nothin'."

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CELLULOID CIVILIZATION

(*Continued from page 10*)

are those with the most money, in the movies we find the opposite extreme. The wealthy tycoon is almost always the villain, and the hero is the man of good will. The hero or heroine may be rich, but wealth does not give them their status. Often we are asked to admire the poor little rich girl who breaks away from her luxurious environment to marry the poor hero whom she loves. Hollywood leans over backward to sentimentalize love, which in the movies is always more important than wealth. Earning a living is never shown with any sense of reality, and making a fortune is rarely portrayed sympathetically. True, most of the characters in the movies are better dressed and live more luxuriously than do their counterparts in real life. The secretary dresses like a wealthy debutante, and the female psychoanalyst like the popular concept of a Hollywood star. But neither they nor any other heroine or hero are shown as fundamentally interested in or concerned about the problem of making a living or becoming rich. It is only possible to speculate on the reasons for this almost complete negation of economic motives, which are so prevalent in our society. The very extremes to which most movies go in the negation may mean that the executives who control the contents of the movies have themselves some hidden ambivalence about their goals. After all, the executives, as well as the actors, do belong to the human species and are not completely unaffected by the conflicting values of our society. Or they may think that this underplaying of economic motives in the movies is desired by the audience. Neither reason precludes the other, and both could be true, as well as other unknown ones. Whatever the reasons, Hollywood represents a caricature and overelaboration of the business motives and goals of our society, while the movies consistently underplay the same characteristics.

Art and esthetic goals have always been less important in our society than either business or humanitarian ones. The artist in all societies has traditionally been a kind of barometer, more sensitive to nuances and changes than others, because he is more deeply immersed in his culture and more interested in its meanings. Since he rarely completely accepts all the conventions, he has a certain degree of objectivity and freedom, which, of course, also makes him seem different from other men. While the artist's status declined in all Western societies

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after the Industrial Revolution, many of the European countries, with their older traditions of painting, music, and literature, accorded him a higher position than he enjoys in the United States. Here he is still considered peculiar, abnormal, sometimes feminine, and unimportant unless he achieves a commercial success comparable with that of a businessman. A Hollywood caricature of this concept is portrayed in the movie "A Kiss in the Dark." The hero, a successful concert pianist, played by David Niven, is scared, nervous, withdrawn, and obviously infantile. He is saved by noticing, with appreciation, a model's legs (those of Jane Wyman). She has no interest in his music and leads him to her world of jazz and trombones. He finally frees himself from being an artist and wins his girl by using his musician's hands to knock down the heroine's fiancé, a former athlete. The hero is now a he-man, throws his practice keyboard away, and embraces the heroine as the train carries them away on a honeymoon.

SO IN the actual production of movies in Hollywood the American concept of the unimportance of the artist is magnified. Those who know most about storytelling, who are gifted with imagination, and who have a knowledge of human beings, all raw materials which the camera transforms into a movie, do not have sufficient status to use their abilities. As one director expressed it, "the environment is hostile to them." The environment favors the latest developments in sound and color but discourages new ideas from its artists. These men, who traditionally have known considerable freedom in expressing themselves, work under the direction of businessmen.

The movies have to earn their living. Unlike some of the fine arts, they are not privately endowed nor are they an esoteric medium for the enjoyment of the few. The goals of business and art are each justifiable and not necessarily irreconcilable. When art meets the needs of a large number of people in our society, it inevitably makes a profit. Some of our most creative popular artists, such as Chaplin, Gershwin, Walt Disney, and Irving Berlin, have made fortunes. The problem is not the simple one of art versus business. The artist can contribute to business. But his stock-in-trade is not only his technical know-how; it includes the ability to interpret man to himself. This is true in folk art, popular art, and fine art. But it makes little difference to the businessman whether he assuages man's anxieties by interpretation or whether he exploits them, but the latter is easier. Or, if phoniness brings in money easily, why bother about the details of honesty? The front-office executives are not completely blind to humanitarian issues but they seem far more interested in profits than in man. Most of them are not conditioned to be otherwise. Artists have a different kind of conditioning. While they are concerned about money, they must also, in order to be reasonably contented, use their gifts to give their interpretations. It has already been indicated that while only relatively few of the Hollywood writers, directors, and actors are artists in this sense, they are far more important than the host of mediocre people.

The social organization of Hollywood has, however, permitted the businessman to take over the functions of the artists and to substitute his values for theirs. The movies are the first art form of any kind, popular, folk, or fine, to become a trust. Quite early the major companies combined in their efforts to restrain competition and to blacklist those who would not do their bidding. The struggle between the independents and the organization of the major studios still continues. At the same time movies increasingly make use of a developing technology and of the heritage from theatre and literature. Under any circumstances such a combination would create complex problems. In this particular situation the men with power have known how to exploit the advantages of a trust better than they could utilize the assets of literature and drama. They have not seemed to realize that the efficiency of the factory is possible because it turns out identical products, whether automobiles or coffeepots, and that this principle cannot be applied to the making of movies. Since these businessmen have neither understanding nor respect for the artists' ability, they attempt to negate or destroy it, partly out of ignorance and partly from a desire to satisfy their urge to dominate men. It is only an exceptional executive who does not give the impression that he would have been equally satisfied as a tycoon in any other industry.

Outside of Hollywood there is a certain freedom in choice of goals. A man can decide to be an artist, a scientist, or a college professor, which means that most likely he will never be rich. Or he can plan to be a big business executive and have the possibility of acquiring great wealth. In Hollywood the same freedom of choice does not exist, because whatever role the individual plays, the goals of business are paramount. In the country as a whole there is the combination of humanism and materialism. But in Hollywood money is always more im-

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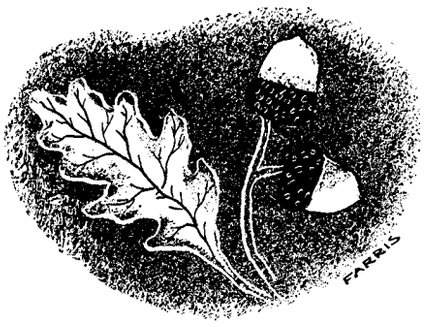

portant than man. It is this difference in goals which accounts for much of the deep hostility between the front office and the artists' group. People with the same goals may argue and differ on how to achieve them, but they speak the same language. People with conflicting goals speak a different language. The real artist in Hollywood cannot be completely satisfied, even though he earns a fortune, if he is not functioning as an artist, and this the head of a trust cannot understand.

Another trait of our civilization is its high level of ingenuity and inventiveness in the mechanical skills. Our heroes include men like Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, Eli Whitney, and Henry Ford, as well as the humanitarian, political figures. We are justly famous for the enormous number of additions to material culture which make life more comfortable. Movies are themselves a remarkable invention in their integration of electricity, photography, color, sound, and acting. The history of inventions from the first stone ax is a fascinating story and one peculiar to our species. For only man is a tool-making and tool-using animal. Each succeeding example of his ingenuity and cleverness has brought, however, its own problems. This has always been true, but only recently has atomic energy forced a public recognition of the serious social consequences of technological developments.

The control of machines and of all our inventions for the benefit of man is one of the most pressing problems of our time. Machines can enslave people or free them. The Industrial Revolution brought young children into sweatshops and kept them and their parents for long hours at machines. Gradually changes in the social and economic organization reduced the hours of work, set age limits for workers, and enabled them, as well as other people, to enjoy the higher standard of living which machines made possible. But even the most casual observer of our society today recognizes its machinelike character. Not only do machines increasingly replace human labor, but what is left of it grows more mechanical. The role of the individual worker on the assembly line tends to be more and more automatic and he has less and less understanding of its relationship or his own to the whole. The ironic climax is his attempt to escape into fantasies and daydreams, themselves manufactured on an assembly line, far more concerned with technology than with meaning.

The way in which Hollywood has mechanized creativity and taken away most of its human characteristics again exaggerates the prevailing culture pattern, which gives little prestige to creativity not technological. This, of course, does not apply to the genius: an Einstein, Picasso, or a Rachmaninoff is given due honor. But we do little to bring out the creativity which lies in all human beings. Most people —just the everyday garden variety, not the geniuses—have far more potentialities for being creative than they use. But very few of them have the courage or desire to carry through their own ideas, big or little, because they have been conditioned to think routinely and follow the crowd. Our society tends, particularly today, to prize uniformity in thinking more than originality. The concern with the "know-how" rather than the "why," with technology rather than meaning, permeates much of the thinking even in the social sciences when method becomes more important than problems. The use of the most exact scientific methods on a sterile and meaningless problem is not too different from the employment of the most technically advanced camera work to produce a banal movie. It is the same when our educational system stresses the accumulation of facts rather than the meaningful relationship between them, and the taking of so many courses that there is little time for thoughtful reflection. The radio with its "Information, Please" and other quiz programs continues the emphasis. It is not that factual knowledge or scientific methods are unimportant, but rather that they are of use only in the larger context of problems and meanings. Hollywood expands these two features of our society to such an extent that it discourages and sometimes even forbids creativity in the very people whom it presumably pays to be creative.

Hortense Powdermaker wrote "Life in Lesu" and "After Freedom: A Cultural Study of the Deep South." This essay is drawn from "Hollywood the Dream Factory: An Anthropologist Looks at the Movie-makers," which is being published on Oct. 16 by Little, Brown & Co. Another essay on the relationship of the popular arts and the American people, by Gilbert Seldes, will appear in SRL, *Oct. 28.*

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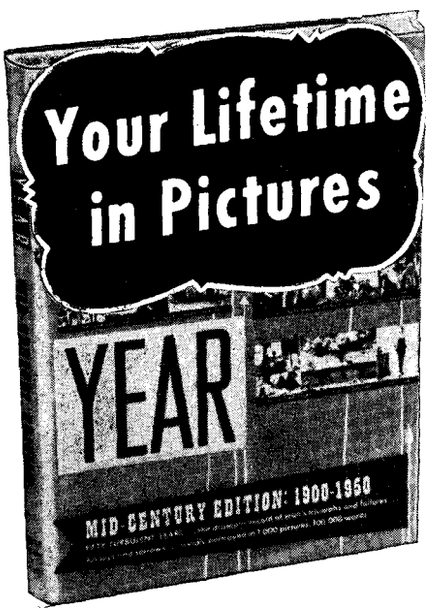

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PROKOFIEFF: QUINTET, OP. 39 (OBOE, CLARINET, VIOLIN, VIOLA, BASS). PROKOFIEFF: OVERTURE ON HEBREW THEMES, OP. 34. Paris Chamber Orchestra. Period LP: SPLP 512	High-quality tape recording. Instruments are very close, acoustics rather dead; real close-up stuff—but not bad for this music at all. Ultra-realistic tone colors, on wide-range machine.	Post World War I; dry, chiseled, astringent music, sharp-colored, appealing to today's ear. Quintet's six mvts., divertimentolike, are calculated, dissonantly academic writing—by a master who underneath is warm where Stravinsky ("Histoire du Soldat") was cold. The Overture, written in The Bronx,is catchy, *echt*-New York bit of fantasy! But I like Disc's old (1946) version—far more alive.
PROKOFIEFF: PIANO SONATA ♯3, OP. 28 (1917); "SUGGESTION DIABOLIQUE," OP. 4, ♯4 (1908). Sigi Weissenberg. Columbia LP: ml 2099 (½ 10") (*With Scriabin, Etude, Nocturne.*) PROKOFIEFF: PIANO SONATA ♯6, OP. 82 (1939-41); "VISIONS FUGITIVES," OP. 22 (1917). Leonard Pennario. Capitol LP: P-8113	Two good piano recordings, both very steady as to pitch. The Capitol (Sonata ♯6 etc.) is at rather low level, but surfaces are good; very natural sound. The Columbia (Sonata ♯3) is louder, heavily recorded; poor surfaces my copy.	P. began as a piano composer; his pf. works are vital in the literature and these records are important for piano lovers. The early Sonata ♯3 is one-mvt. tour de force of great intensity. Sonata ♯6, much later, is more urbane, mature. Weissenberg is a tremendous technician, Horowitz-like as here recorded — his playing is overly Chopinesque for this; Pennario, more modestly techniqued, does a more musical job.
SONGS BY IGOR STRAVINSKY. Maria Kurenko; Soulima Stravinsky, pf. Allegro LP: AL 64	More "apartment" recording, with hard, small-room acoustics; voice is a bit distorted on the LP, with some blasts at peaks. Satisfactory listening — diction comes through.	A great vocal musician sings a score of early, very Russian songs. Both Moussorgsky and Prokofieff are echoed. Top singing, with wonderful diction, musicianship. Good piano.
STRAVINSKY: "DUMBARTON OAKS" CONCERTO (1938); Dumbarton Oaks Festival Orch. Stravinsky. STRAVINSKY: "THE CARD PARTY" (1936). Berlin Philharmonic, Stravinsky. Mercury LP: MG 10014	"Dumbarton" is from postwar wide-range 78 discs; "Card Party" from German 78 rpms. "Dumbarton" is crisply, well presented on LP; "Card Party" isn't as clear, sharp as Capitol's LP of same originals.	Two valuable Stravinsky-led performances on LP, both from previously issued 78-rpm albums. ("Jeu de Cartes" is same German performance as Capitol's single 10" LP, L-8028.)
RAVEL		
RAVEL: "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE," SUITES ♯1 AND ♯2. Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia LP: ml 4316 (½) (*With Schönberg: "Verklärte Nacht."*)	Close tie technically. The Toscanini is perhaps best of the "commemorative" series, with good, clean highs, adequate (not strong) bass—acoustics, in this constant-flow music, are not as important as in Beethoven, etc. The Ormandy is more cluttered in the high end, less crisp; but bass is deeper, more natural. Hot stylus plus margin control.	Close musical tie between Toscanini and Ormandy. O.'s Ravel is well above his usual so-so playing (this type music is a "Philly" tradition, since Stokowski); wealth of solo playing is exquisitely done. Toscanini's sags at end (very slow) but rest is taut, alive. Two suites on one LP side make the Ormandy a bargain.
RAVEL: "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE," SUITE ♯2. NBC Symphony. Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 1043 (½) (*With Beethoven: "Leonore ♯3"*)		—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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analytic job on the Luftwaffe for Anglo-American tacticians and strategists during World War II. For the Russian case, Commander Lee's undistilled information came from American, Western European, and German pilots who have seen the Soviet air arm in action, and from a mass of conflicting documents. If the actual text of his evaluation leaves his information sources completely unidentified, that's to be expected. But the author is completely honest about his statements; he lets you know when he's guessing and when there is no gainsaying the record. He surveys with positive assurance the Red Air Force's history, its performance in war, its table of organization, flight training, and the Soviet aircraft industry.

Even the author's calm guesswork on postwar developments should prove valuable to 1950's militarists-in-mufti and ordinary citizens who like some solid fact amid all of today's journalistic conjecture. The Soviet Air Force, he concludes, is a relatively untested, rough but ready organization that in all likelihood can fulfill its principal task of supporting tactically the redoubtable Red Army—as long as the Army stays redoubtable. But its strategic striking power is small, owing to inferior medium—and nonexistent heavy bombers — "like a boxer without a really destructive punch." Today's lesson for those worrying about or drumming up hysteria over an atomized New York or Detroit: they might have The Bomb, but, fellows, they don't have The Plane.

THE ENGLISH INHERITANCE: An Historical Essay, by G. Kitson Clark. Macmillan. $2.75.

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that all the chronicles of kings cannot evoke. For Mr. Clark, though he clearly intended to speak only to the English—"not the British," who include the Scots and "probably the Welsh and possibly the Irish"—has something to say to everyone touched by the English concepts of law, freedom, and democracy. He sees—rightly, I think—that Christianity helped direct all of these through their historic evolutions into their modern forms. This impulse was undoubtedly religious, but not in the sense of catechistic devotions or salvation in the next world; this was a religious impulse for justice in this life and it culminated in defining for all men, so our own Declaration of Independence says, "the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them."

Mr. Clark finds much of the inheritance "lovely and of good report, some of it is ugly and pitiful, some of it perhaps sinister." He thinks also, and here is the crux of his historical problem, that today the non-churchgoing influences of Christianity are negligible and that, therefore, law and liberty are cut loose from their old-time moorings. A challenging piece of interpretative scholarship, designed for wide reading.

THE OLD BAILEY AND ITS TRIALS, by Bernard O'Donnell. Macmillan. $2.50. From Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" we learn of a barrister whose voice rose daily "At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey. / All Thieves who could my fees afford / Relied on my orations, / And many a burglar I've restored / To his friends and his relations." Mr. O'Donnell, a veteran British crime reporter, takes a somewhat less acerbic view of English justice than did W. S. Gilbert and he has a genuine affection for this celebrated Court, Newgate Gaol, and other landmarks of London that testify to mankind's history of crime and the law's stern retribution. In fact, he goes in rather heavily for the retribution side of the case; fully nine-tenths of his long list of principals were eventually dispatched by the rope or the axe. And with a relish not often found among today's softer hearts and queasier stomachs, he is prone to include such details of interest to the professional executioner as the proper method of disembowelment, the varieties of drawing and quartering, and the exact procedure of pressing a man to death—besides the garden-run forms of hanging. All in all, this book reviews the Old Bailey-Newgate criminal past from a twelfth-century harbor for felons to an intriguing "double-jeopardy" murder case in 1949. Illustrated. —PETER R. LEVIN.

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 864

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

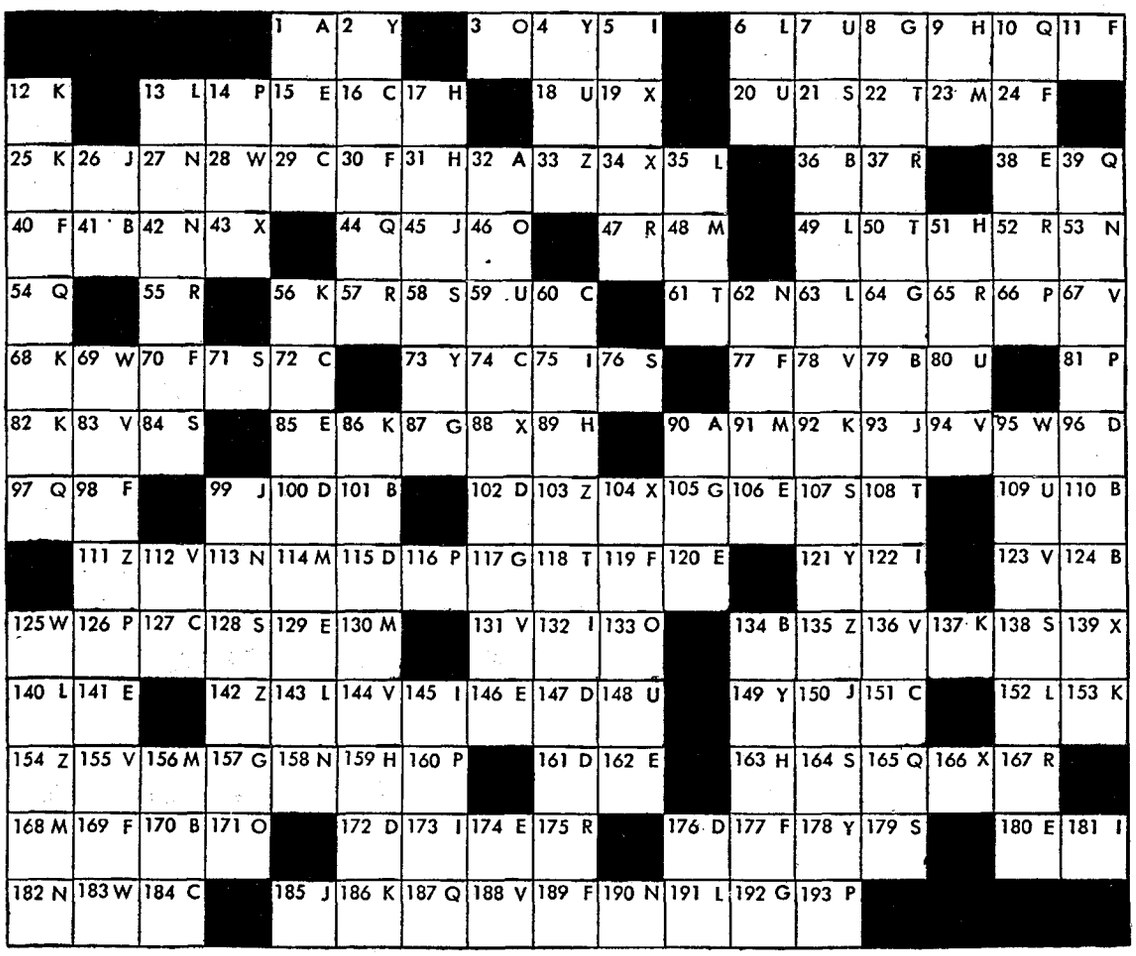
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Title of certain native chiefs in Cutch, Kathiawar, and the lower Indus.	90 1 32
B. A common sea duck of Northern Hemisphere (2 wds.; *Clangula hyemalis*).	124 79 101 110 134 41 170 36
C. Drawing the warp thread through the heddle eyes (weaving).	74 184 151 60 29 127 72 16
D. Attribute of a "Maid" in title of famous ballad in Percy's "Reliques" (comp.).	96 115 147 176 102 161 172 100
E. Characteristic way of cooking and serving a particular food in simple households (2 wds.).	162 15 85 146 174 141 38 180 120 129 106
F. Pertaining to a timid or fussy man (comp.).	30 119 24 77 40 189 177 11 70 98 169
G. American proprietor of chain of good hotels in U.S. (1863-1928).	157 117 64 192 105 8 87
H. Pitches headfirst.	159 51 163 31 89 17 9
I. Son of Javan and grandson of Noah (Bib.).	5 145 173 122 132 75 181
J. A Malayo-Javanese people of Southern Sumatra; also their language.	45 26 185 99 150 93
K. Destitute (comp.).	25 82 56 137 68 153 92 86 186 12
L. Disconcerting.	143 6 13 49 35 140 152 191 63
M. Given to, or apt in, speech (rare).	23 48 114 91 130 156 168
N. Another name for the edelweiss (comp.).	42 158 27 182 190 53 113 62
O. English figure painter (1787-1849).	133 171 3 46
P. To make content.	193 116 14 66 126 81 160
Q. Sharpened by attrition; stimulated.	165 39 10 44 97 54 187
R. *Mayflower* pilgrim, Asst.-Gov. under Bradford, 1621-25.	55 175 52 37 167 47 57 65
S. The very lowest (comp.).	58 71 107 179 128 164 76 138 21 84
T. Manifest; apparent.	61 50 118 22 108
U. Pile of logs awaiting removal.	7 18 80 59 20 109 148
V. Considered, embodied, represented (something unreal) as fact.	123 83 136 188 94 144 131 78 67 155 112
W. High-level valley, part of Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado.	28 183 69 95 125
X. Bound by obligation.	88 19 104 139 34 166 43
Y. Umbrella (India).	178 4 121 2 73 149
Z. To correspond as equal.	33 142 135 111 154 103

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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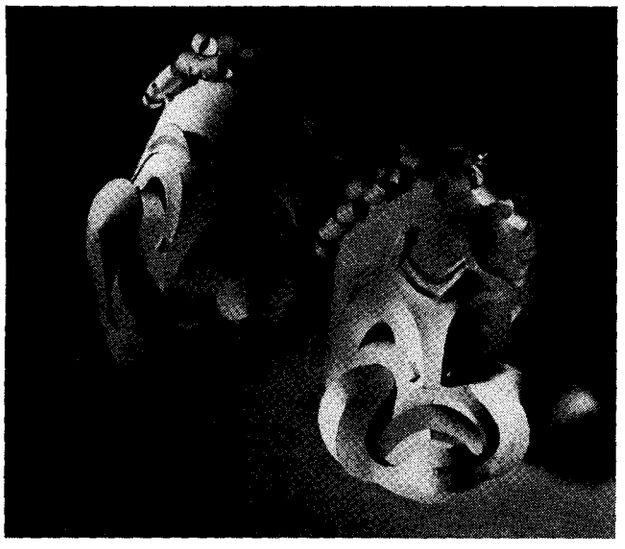

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(Consult your local newspaper for time and station)

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—A service of Radio Corporation of America

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They're doing fine so far

THEIR HEALTH is fine. She is beginning to lose her baby fat. His muscles are building, and his coordination seems to increase visibly every day. Not a little of the credit for the young vigor of this pair belongs to you. You see to it that they eat well and regularly; that they have enough sleep; that they get enough exercise, and not too much.

Their minds are active. She shows imagination in her play, and a bright purposeful inquiry in her myriad daily questions. He's finding out how things work, beginning to build with his hands, and to examine critically with his eyes. Here again, it's thanks to you. The stories you tell them, the questions you answer, the games you play with them, are stimulating their minds and increasing their store of facts. They're doing fine.

So far.

His schooling has begun. He's entered a world he never knew. And one you never knew either, for schooling has changed enormously in the last couple of decades. He's meeting new problems with those new adults—teachers—whom he never had to deal with before. Whether it is a problem known to you, or a problem yet to come, you, as an intelligent parent, would make every effort to help him meet it.

You would read, for instance, a book unique in its understanding of modern educational methods, and of the role a parent is supposed to play in today's schooling. You'd read *How to Help Your Child in School,* and, before you'd finished even its first chapter, it would have told you a few things about these youngsters that you hadn't quite figured out before. For instance, should that little girl be in nursery school? Some children should, but not all, by any means. Has she started to read yet? If she hasn't, does it matter? And that boy. He's bringing report cards home to you. How seriously should you take the marks on them? What should you do if he doesn't like to play with the other fellows as much as you think he should? Or if he plays so much that it's all you can do to get him home for supper? He's going to be doing homework pretty soon. Should you help him with it?

A lot of things have been discovered about child education since you went to school, and this book is the only one that centers directly on today's family school problems. What is more, it will grow with your children all the way to junior high. There isn't anything you wouldn't do for them, and this book will help you to do even more than you can now.

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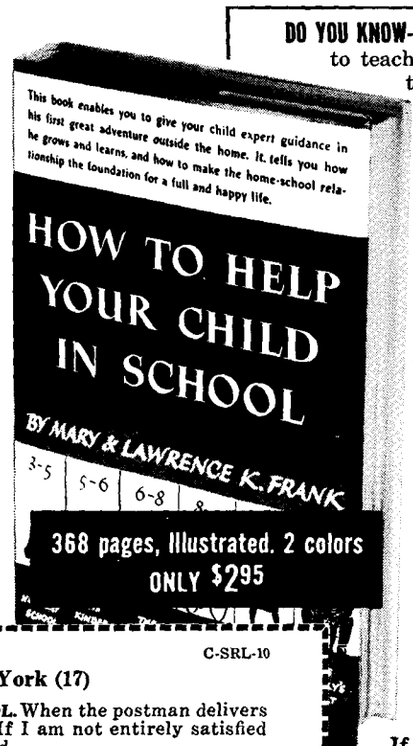
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